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commonweal

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DAVID O'BRIEN

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Fall Education Issue

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CORRESPONDENCE

Mass Music

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

To the Editors: A long Gregorian Amen to Thomas Day's article "A Syllabus of Musical Errors." [Aug. 27].

I recently returned from a Choral Institute in Vermont where for a week we rehearsed for performance a mass by Josquin des Pres (15th Century. Polyphonic music, interspersed with 11th Century plain chant) it was indescribably beautiful. Of some forty people, I was perhaps the only Catholic, and while I was pleased to see how much people of other faiths appreciated our music, it saddened me to think how carelessly we have discarded our heritage. A whole generation of young Catholics has grown up on third-rate rock guitar trash and has learned to parrot such grammatical monstrosities as "Lamb of God, *you* take away. . . ." All this in an effort to lure them to religion, an effort that has clearly failed.

Is it too late to return to music whose beauty and value have lasted for more than six hundred years? Can the Catholic Church not attempt some musical re-education when the music now in use is so obviously unsatisfactory to everyone?

DORIS R. ASMUNDSSON

Nyack, N.Y.

To the Editors: Regarding Thomas Day's "Syllabus of Musical Errors" [Aug. 27], amen, amen, amen. The only place I know of in my parish in which Gregorian chant is regularly sung is the shower stall of my house. I am a closet chanter.

I am one of those who slowly has been driven from mass by a painful inability, despite every wish and argument I mount against myself, to cope with the drivel. I would rather listen to a pop music station on the radio, where at least I have access to the volume control.

Musically, I suspect my parish is one of the better ones. But I have become unable to harness my dismay at the general mediocrity of music that for me, at least, is only an obstacle to worship.

A Benedictine monk once remarked that words ought to be, but seldom are, "an incarnation of silence." How few are the words, whether said or sung at mass, which seem to issue from that longed-for, healing, sacramental stillness. Instead the ear drums are bruised with an avalanche of syllables, electric pianos and guitars, and a general idolatry about noise that seems to have taken possession of both Church and state.

I cannot help but recall, both with gratitude and longing, those once-upon-a-time parishes where worship was marked, even in the spoken word, with a mood of quiet. We then used music which affirmed that quiet: Gregorian chant. Such parishes were rare fifteen years ago, and apparently are now extinct.

Then the liturgy was in Latin, which I cherished, but accepted the arguments for English. But the English one hears at mass often seems translated rather woodenly, with little reverence for the mystery of word, without the care that helped to give the Latin mass its extraordinary texture, each word and phrase being like stones smoothly polished by the currents of water and time.

Now I find myself part of a small group that gathers for a weekly eucharist. I rejoice that we can come together in quiet listening and prayer, but wish there were a public mass I could attend and leave without feeling an ulcer was taking root.

We could learn a bit from monks and Quakers and various others whose worship is built on waiting and listening for God rather than stuffing the ears with more of the din that increasingly scars our lives.

JAMES FOREST

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: I found Thomas Day's "A Syllabus of Musical Errors" [Aug. 27] most interesting, even though Mr. Day does not seem fully acquainted with our Catholic Traditionlist Movement which he casually dismisses on page 557 as "reactionary."

If Mr. Day truly feels that "things like a Solemn High Mass—complete with Latin, incense, and angelic music —must be allowed to survive; . . . that a Sunday Mass celebrated without music was a legitimate custom with a cultural basis and should be preserved if a congregation so wishes; . . . and that old-fashioned novenas, the Requiem Mass, Vespers in Latin, and . . . Victorian hymns . . . should be kept for those who find them personally comforting; . . .—if Mr. Day indeed agrees with those views which he calls "preservationist" rather than "traditionalist," then the day is obviously here when the "non-conformist *liberal* preservationists" of 1976 have finally caught up with the "non-conformist *reactionary* traditionalists" of 1964 who never wanted to force their own "reactionary" food down the throats of other Catholics who preferred an updated and vernacularized Vatican II liturgy as the answer to their spiritual needs.

Indeed, as early as December 31, 1964 our Movement's "Catholic Traditionalist Manifesto"—which, incidentally, cost me my position as professor and dean at a major seminary in the "liberal" archdiocese of Baltimore—"respectfully submitted" to Pope Paul VI and to our bishops several "suggestions," among which were the following:

#3. "That the PERMISSIVE nature of the Liturgy Constitution of Vatican II be safeguarded on local levels so as to eliminate any form of regimented compulsion . . ., and that, consequently, priests and people be allowed to pursue the defense and promotion of the use of the traditional liturgical language and customs with the same freedom given to the proponents of vernacularism."

#4. "That the centuries-sanctioned liturgical Latin of the Mass not be banned, but, if not given full priority, at least be allowed to co-exist with the new vernacular forms. . . ."

#6. "That in the new methods of community participation, and especially

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in the field of sacred music and of architecture, our Catholic heritage be preserved. . . ."

Welcome, Mr. Day and *Commonweal*, to the daily growing ranks of true "liberals" who are at last admitting that those early traditionlists of the 1960s were not so "reactionary" after all, and that, if Pope and bishops had listened in due time to the moderate voice of the C.T.M., *all* Catholics, of whatever persuasion, would still feel at home in their churches today, and the picture of today's Church would not be one of a badly divided and disillusioned flock on both sides of the Establishment line.

(REV.) GOMMAR A. DE PAUW

Bloomsburg, Pa.

To the Editors: T. Day acutely avers "Alienated people do not sing" [Aug. 26]. Then despite many hints he fails to define and expose the evil that alienates.

Who writes "the lonely voice of the preservationists" hears but one tune. Is it more Roman or more catholic (or even true) to set "once radical liturgists . . . singing Kumbaya" against those for "Solemn High Mass; complete with Latin, incense and angelic music—. . .", or a service to their common foe?

The foe is anti-catholic, anti-pluralistic conformity and its servants who lack "humility." Day reports "urban planners have belatedly discovered . . . humility." If such secularists with no claim to holiness can confess within a generation to having destroyed more than they created because with puerile arrogance they ramrodded undigested plans upon disorganized, weak and at first docile communities, then what of a self-perpetuating hierarchic hierophancy addicted to conformity, accountable to no one, in no way, that never admits error, no matter how transparent or gross, but exacts obedience to its caprice, ascesis unrelated to an aim, locksteps worthy of the Grand Inquisitor, and conjures political plans to rob us of our civil political heritage!

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WHAT CARTER FORGETS

With the statistically exhausting and emotionally disappointing first TV debate on the record, the presidential campaign enters its final month with the American people no more sure than before about where the country should go or who should lead it.

The debate was certainly useful. It was wrong to expect that two men who are not, on the surface at least, exciting or profoundly charismatic would provide the same drama or entertainment viewers usually expect from TV. Nor could or should the same clear personality clash we remember from the 1960 debates have been repeated. Indeed, the TV reruns of those 16-year-old encounters show them to have been, in many ways, as "dull" as and less substantial than last week's meeting, except for the way the participants inadvertently foreshadowed policies and character traits —belligerence from Kennedy and deception from Nixon—that would eventually be their undoing.

As a result of last Thursday we know that both candidates, when properly briefed, can toss around statistics. Some of them were incorrect, like Jimmy Carter's fib about the "1000" unemployed people in his Pennsylvania audience of four or five thousand, and President Gerald R. Ford's claim that his tax program, which Congress rejected, would give a family of four an additional thousand dollars to spend when actually he was talking about a slight increase in the personal exemption. We know that each candidate embodies the traditional economics of his party, that Carter performs better as he becomes more relaxed and that Ford tightens up under long questioning.

Now that the positions of both men are well established, the principal question becomes—has always been—character. Unless the Special Prosecutor's recently disclosed investigation of Ford's congressional campaign financing suddenly hits paydirt, voters will continue to view him as a "nice guy," even though he is indifferent to the fact that the number of poor persons in America increased by 2.5 million in 1975 and even though his

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best-known act of compassion has been the Nixon pardon. Fortunately the Catholic bishops' clarification of their official political position has side-tracked the Republican attempt to present their man as the "Catholic" candidate.

But Carter's lead has slipped and his character, because he has been trying too hard to make himself acceptable to everybody, has not come into focus. Does he need the segregationist vote so badly that he must praise racist Senators James O. Eastland and John C. Stennis as "statesmen," or the swingers' vote so badly that he must assure *Playboy* subscribers he doesn't judge their "screwing" harshly? What makes him think that these constituencies will be won by empty flattery or assurances that he's just like them "in his heart"? And who advised him that people would think he was Harry Truman if he rode a whistle-stop train from New York to Pittsburgh? Or Thomas Jefferson if his TV spots show him walking across his plantation fingering the soil? Will he soon cross the Delaware River standing up in a boat?

Carter has shown he can be specific discussing his programs, that he cares for the weaker members of society, that he is intelligent, that he has a fast enough tongue to duel with the President. But in spite of his candor and willingness to be interviewed by tough questioners like Robert Scheer in *Playboy* and Norman Mailer in the *New York Times Magazine*, he has not communicated either his character or his vision to the people. There has not been one really good inspiring speech in this campaign. To tell his audiences that he will make the government "as good and compassionate and filled with love as the American people" is not to offer them a vision; it is to offer them an ice cream cone.

Next week, when he debates foreign policy, Carter should remember that foreign policy is simply the international expression of the national character. And he should not forget again what Lincoln, Wilson and Roosevelt knew: that a nation is really inspired when someone they believe asks them to work and sacrifice for a just cause greater than themselves.

COMING: A symposium on Presidential Candidates Ford, Carter and McCarthy, featuring Russell Kirk, Reed Whittemore and Richard J. Neuhaus.

WASHINGTON REPORT

THE F.B.I. AND THE SERVO-CROATS

It must have been embarrassing for the FBI when the French resolutely stood up to the Croatian terrorists and hijackers, compelled their surrender at the airport in Paris and then shipped them back to the States for trial on the federal grounds of hijacking and, infinitely worse, the New York state grounds of killing that policeman and wounding his comrades.

The problem is an historic one of two traditions in conflict, both of considerable dubiousness from a legal point of view.

In New York as elsewhere, the tradition is that no one kills a cop and gets away with it. You knock over a man in blue and the whole apparatus of law enforcement comes alive and angry, tracks you down, captures you and—if indeed it does not kill you in the process of capturing you—brings you to a swift and implacable trial which either dispatches you permanently or puts you away for a life term that comes as close as possible to actually being a life term.

There is an obvious practical value in this tradition. It powerfully motivates people to think twice before they shoot at policemen pursuing them for crimes committed more or less publicly. It can further be argued that the community as a whole owes that retributive justice and its edge of extra protection to its policemen who, after all, daily risk their lives for the defense of the whole community.

The reason the tradition is legally dubious is that it creates a special class before a law which in theory knows no special classes. (Perpetrators of criminal acts let off such as Nixon, Agnew, Kleindienst and Pat Gray, are very special cases; that they did not constitute a class is shown in the trials and convictions of their fellow-criminals in the Watergate cases.) If the law can pull itself together to bring justice to murderers of policemen, it should do so to all murderers.

Regardless of the dubiety, that tradition of implacable justice for cop-killers is unlikely to be put aside by the New York authorities in the case of the Croatian terrorists.

At this point, things get even more embarrassing for the FBI. The hijacking of that plane was not the first, merely the most audacious act of political terrorism committed in the United States by Croatian terrorists. Such acts have been going on for decades and the FBI has yet to lay a glove on any of the people responsible for any of the acts.

The difference is that while the hijacking involved

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American citizens, all previous acts of terrorism have been directed against Yugoslav citizens in this country, usually diplomatic ones, a class that does legitimately command some special treatment. The special treatment its victims have received from the FBI has been the ignoring of crimes against them, which amounts to a tacit encouragement of the criminals to commit some more crimes. It is not idle to speculate that this encouragement—which quite conceivably has been more than tacit—led the Croatians to believe they could do anything. Like policemen in their swift vengeance, the Croatians had been made into a special class by the FBI's complaisance toward, if not complicity in, their terrorist attacks on Yugoslav diplomats and diplomatic buildings.

The complaisance, which is a matter of record, and the conceivable complicity, which is not, stem ultimately from the convictions of the late monster, J. Edgar Hoover, that all evil in the world came from Communism and that the threat of Communism was so imminent and so awful that absolutely any means were justified in fighting it. Those same convictions lay behind the decades-long, utterly fruitless "investigation" and harassment of the Socialist Workers Party now called off. They may well be responsible for the FBI's remarkably poor record in regard to the Mafia, which flourishes as the green bay tree but is demonstrably non-Communist and on occasion has been violently anti-Communist. Unless we assume that the FBI is monumentally incompetent, complaisance or complicity has to be behind the total failure ever to capture a Croatian terrorist, ever to "solve" any of the outrageous bombings of the Yugoslav Embassy here, the Yugoslav Mission to the United Nations and assorted Yugoslav consulates. Had the Croatians been an organization remotely suspected of Communist leanings, on the record the FBI would have been all over them, infiltrating, probably directing, even instigating crimes and then arresting the people committing them.

On the face of it, this FBI secret war on foreign Communism seems to conflict with the Nixon-Kissinger-Ford policy of détente. Similarly, the FBI cooperation with the Croatian hijackers by strongly urging five American newspapers to print the Croatians' propaganda seems to conflict with the existing international agreement to which the United States is not only a party but the principal sponsor and which forbids any concessions at all to aeroplane hijackers. The key word in both apparent conflicts is "seems." The apparent conflict in both cases is resolved by recalling the Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt Doctrine, under which order is maintained in the world in part by the American recognition of Soviet hegemony in Eastern Europe and the Balkans.

The outstanding obstacle to that hegemony and the most significant opposition to the complementary "Brezhnev Doctrine," according to which the Soviet Union is the ultimate arbiter as to the purity of other Communist countries' Marxism, has been and continues to be Yugoslavia. At one point in America's tortuous road to understanding Communism, the Yugoslav break with the Moscow that had been Tito's tutor was hailed as a gain for "our side." Oddly enough, or perhaps not so oddly, the Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt Doctrine casts a shadow on that jubilation. If U.S. foreign policy is guided by the Doctrine, then Yugoslavia's independence, since it is offensive to the Soviets, is no less so to Kissinger and Sonnenfeldt. It is disruptive of order, a possible source of friction between the Great Powers, sets a bad example for other small nations wishing to behave without regard to the Kissingerian-Brezhnevian division of the world into territories like those in Chicago in the old days.

It is thus that the primitive thuggery of J. Edgar Hoover becomes one with the more sophisticated thuggery of Henry Kissinger. There are in this country, what would you say, how many dissident refugee groups of people who resent the absorption of their native lands into the Soviet Union in fact or in law. Counting from the top you get the Estonians, the Latvians, the Lithuanians, and you could throw in the Finns for the Lake Ladoga lands; next, the Poles, the Czechs, the Hungarians, the Roumanians, the Bulgarians; finally the Ukranians and the Moldavians, and we are only talking about Eastern Europe and the Balkans.

All of these people have strong nationalistic, often church-related organizations in this country. All of these people have legitimate grievances against the Soviet Union. Of them all, is it conceivable that none feels the bitterness that Croatians feel about a situation now well over half a century old, that none wishes to protest with violence, by bombing the Soviet Embassy here, the Soviet Mission at the UN? It's conceivable, no doubt. What is much more easily conceivable to me, at least, is that the FBI, following its familiar methods of infiltration, prevents violence against the Soviets in this country by such dissident groups, not only permits but quite possibly assists Croatian violence against Yugoslav diplomatic missions. From the point of view of the dead monster, the Yugos are Commies, to be smitten hip and thigh by any means available. From the point of view of suave living monsters at State, this placates the restless spirit of J. Edgar and at the same time keeps the Yugos off guard, making them wonder exactly how much they can count on the U.S. if the USSR eventually does come over the mountains.

Meanwhile, there's the murder rap in New York, which, even under Rockefeller, never quite got around to having a foreign policy except in regard to Puerto Rico and the Arabs. The big test of the Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt-J. Edgar axis will come in whether the Justice Department is able to contrive some form of escape for the Croatians.

FRANK GETLEIN

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SAVING TIME

PETER STEINFELS

According to Art Buchwald, the problem with America is that the Hope Diamond is in the Smithsonian. I have a better theory. The problem with America is the digital watch.

"The digital watch?" some straight man out there is supposed to ask. Yes, absolutely yes. If you can see the universe in a grain of sand, you ought to be able to see our whole civilization in a digital watch.

Did we *need* digital watches? That is the first question. To be sure, there were always a few unfortunates who, under the *ancien régime* of two hands and twelve numerals, were never able to learn to tell time. But how many of the rest of us were walking around a few years ago mumbling, "Oh, if only life were not so complicated! If only I could see the time of day written out *in numbers!* How happy we would all be then!" Nowadays, however, invention is the mother of necessity. The digital watch is the perfect example of a product creating a need. First came the technology, a miniaturized electronics developed for computers and calculators and various other useful items. Original sin being what it is, eventually it occurred to someone that this technology could be applied to watches and a sizable portion of the population persuaded that the result was new, scientific, and altogether better.

The product, in fact, is distinctly inferior. Many models are bulky. Many require two hands to find out the time, a disadvantage which did not even characterize the sun dial. The other day an acquaintance with her arms full of packages asked me if I could push the button on her watch so she could read the time from her brand-new, expensive anniversary present. Her alternative was to set all the packages down on the sidewalk.

Most digitals are easily read in pitch blackness but impossible in bright daylight—a trade-off much to the benefit of insomniacs and coal miners whose lights go out. As for reliability, retailers complain that as many as a third of the digitals turn out to be defective.

Which brings us to another problem. Let us call it the Social and Economic Consequences of the Digital Watch; Or, What's Going to Happen to the Small Jewelry Store? The shop on Broadway where I recently had my 1963 pre-digital repaired—for the second time in thirteen years—offers many services. Its proprietors, for example, can explain matters chronometric to their customers in Yiddish, German, French, and Spanish. One thing they can't do is fix a digital watch. For that you must deal with some aerospace company in Texas.

In time the manufacturers may remedy these defects. That would still not get to the heart of the matter. The heart of the matter is that the digital watch is an inferior *concept*. It is a step backwards, simpler and more straightforward than the hands and numerals system in precisely the way that picture writing and hieroglyphics are simpler and more straightforward than the phonetic alphabet. If our ancestors had been using digital clocks, then we would hail the hands and numerals system as a sophisticated, superior innovation. And we would be right. The old-fashioned, pre-digital watch face not only told you the time but displayed this information graphically. Once you get the hang of the thing, which most seven-year-olds seem capable of doing, you have more than a set of numbers, you have a diagram—what in grade school we called a "pie graph." Where the numbers on a digital watch record only a given instant, the pie-shapes marked out by the hands of a pre-digital visibly represent *amounts* of time—duration. The quarter circle carved out by the big hand of my watch and an imaginary line from the center of the face to the numeral twelve tells me immediately that fifteen minutes remain in this hour; the sliver carved out by the little hand and the twelve tells me it is almost midnight. (If I wanted to watch a television program at 12:15, I would naturally imagine a line extending from the center to the three, and form a different set of "pies" in my mind's eye.)

I can observe those shapes diminish as I write, and I know exactly how much time is passing without thinking in numbers at all. Of course I can think in numbers if I want to—I can say to myself, it is now eleven-fifty-one, it is now eleven-fifty-two. My pre-digital watch gives me that information, too. It gives me, in effect, a choice, to note a specific instant by number or to represent a duration by space. The digital watch *reduces* the information conveyed. In return, it offers, at most, the elimination of ambiguity. There are no hands slightly past or slightly before the minute marks; you are told definitively, the time is now 12: 07: 35. And this, too, is typical of our civilization: we sacrifice knowledge for precision.

Could the pre-digital watch be improved? I'm sure it could. Its graph function might be reinforced by a bar of color which could be moved around to establish whatever imaginary line you are interested in. There might be some differentiation on the dial between a.m. and p.m. The addition of a calendar has already been a service to types like myself who never remember the date and take until March to remember that the year has changed. Perhaps someone truly imaginative could rethink the watch entirely—starting with human needs and not simply an available technology. Meanwhile the papers report customer dissatisfaction with digitals. Maybe time is on our side.

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THE HOLY CROSS CASE

DAVID O'BRIEN

Crisis in Jesuit education

These are tough days to be a Catholic Christian in the United States. Father Andrew Greeley has documented signs of decline evident to every serious and committed church member and *Time* magazine has given its imprimatur to his pessimistic assessment. Greeley's pain is accentuated by the hope he sees in the tough-minded idealism of "communal Catholics" who get on with the business of translating values into action with little reference to a church whose corporate affairs they regard with indifference or amusement. While he sees little good in the ecclesiastical system, Greely still cares for it enough to be angry. Those of us working as best we can with the official church cannot help but share a bit of his anger. We see, or think we see, a lot of vitality, energy and power still pulsating throughout the establishment, from the parishes of Minneapolis and the community organizations of San Antonio to the still stuffy boardrooms of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops.

All Catholic institutions share in this experience of promise and failure, and Jesuit colleges and universites are not exempt. None is more skilled in pointing out the hypocritical gaps between theory and practice which exist in the parishes and dioceses of the country than the denizens of Jesuit community rooms. Rarely do they notice that their instiutions share in the painful ambiguities and contradictions of the contemporary church.

No group in the universal church has probed more deeply the meaning of renewal or tried harder to understand the nature of Christian mission in the contemporary world than the Society of Jesus. One result was the work of the 1974 General Congregation of the Society of Jesus which produced a set of documents which are among the most creative and exciting to emerge from the post-conciliar church. These documents, and the courageous leadership of the Jesuit General Pedro Arrupe, have pointed the Society toward the frontiers of faith and justice, challenging local Jesuit communities to reconsider their apostolates in light of the demands for justice which arise from the poor and oppressed peoples of the world. Yet, the promise of the Society stands in sharp contrast to its frequent immobility, particularly in higher education. Unable to move forward to new possibilities and unwilling to move back to the days when they controlled their colleges and imposed their discipline on students and faculty alike, the Jesuits often seem paralyzed and adrift. The cost is paid by the whole church, which fails to benefit as it might from the enormous talent and dedication of the Jesuits but instead helplessly watches their institutions accommodate to the prevailing pressures of the moment.

At Holy Cross College this past year, a series of events exposed the precarious situation of Jesuit leadership in one of the nation's oldest and most respected Catholic colleges; the anger which many felt was, like Greeley's, related less to anti-Jesuit hostility than to the frustrating realization that so many leaders cannot translate clear moral and theological commitments into effective action but instead revert to defending personal and corporate privilege.

The college's immediate problems arise from a fairly simple conflict over governance. In 1974-75 a committee on tenure and promotion was created to receive depart-

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mental recommendations, review them, and make its own recommendations to the board of trustees. The new system replaced unwieldy *ad hoc* committees created for each case which annually had created bad feelings. The new committee was elected, worked hard, and at the end of its deliberations, the college president and non-voting chairman, Father John Brooks, complimented them on the quality of their work.

Nevertheless, a few weeks later, the executive committee of the Board of Trustees, composed of the president and four Board members, without consultation or discussion, overrode five of the committee's eight tenure decisions. The elected members of the committee immediately resigned. Students marched and held a referendum expressing lack of confidence in the tenure procedures. Faculty spokesmen met several times with the executive committee with no result but increased frustration. Individual board members came to the campus, dialogued with faculty and students, and, in the end, voted not to respond to a faculty request for review of the decisions and acceptance of the principle of faculty primacy in personnel matters. The faculty closed the year's events by rejecting the Board's rejection and notifying all affected by this year's personnel decisions that those decisions did not represent the judgment of the faculty of their contribution to the college or their ability as teachers and scholars.

At the same time, another issue was boiling. Several years ago, Dr. Joe C. Huang came to Holy Cross to teach political science. He had held a full professorship at another institution and was hired as an associate professor. The next year he was denied tenure, again with no reason given and no reason that was convincing to his colleagues. Huang sued the college for discrimination and in the process, documents surfaced which indicated that the president, who had voted for Huang in his *ad hoc* committee, had changed his vote at the Board level on the basis of a somewhat gossipy letter written, after the faculty deliberations, by a Jesuit assistant professor in another department. This violation of due process caused the regional office of the American Association of University Professors to demand that his case be reconsidered *ab initio*. Both the court case and the AAUP proceedings are pending; the college shows no sign of retreat.

No summary of events of this sort can adequately convey the passions which they engender. Somehow the college leadership found a way to unite the ordinarily passive, conflict-ridden Holy Cross faculty. A dispute about jurisdiction on personnel matters was gradually escalated by the defenders of the Board's action into a struggle over the Jesuit character of the college. The Board and its administrative spokesmen originally argued that only discretionary power of the Board on personnel could insure academic excellence. Given the makeup of the executive committee, and the apparent randomness and carelessness of its deliberations, this seemed dubious. Only one Jesuit was involved in the eight cases, but a few faculty began to think that maybe Jesuit control was, after all, the issue. Bad communications, personal misunderstanding, administrative mistake and faculty pride, and, perhaps, a bit of malice, combined to shatter the ambiguity about legitimate authority which characterizes Holy Cross, as it does most Catholic colleges today. The uneasy balance between Jesuit administrators, lay faculty and a semi-public but informally controlled Board, was upset by a series of decisions which no one has even tried to defend on their merits. Once made, these decisions could not be reviewed or reversed, it appears, for that would threaten, somehow, the uneasy chair on which Jesuit control now rests. Given the times, few faculty will resign; an embittered truce will probably be restored; but all will live with the shame of having failed to insure fairness to people whose careers were at stake and having failed, too, to work out a reasonable and equitable resolution of conflict among people who, with few exceptions, are dedicated and responsible men and women.

Holy Cross's problems reflect deeper issues in Catholic higher education. The Jesuits at Holy Cross, like the orders which administer other Catholic colleges and universities, look to the broader world of the church, and even to their own religious communities, and say, in effect, "We are now autonomous institutions, governed by lay boards, responsive to the educational demands of our various constituencies; therefore you cannot tell us what we should, or should not, do." They then turn around and tell their faculties: "You may have a role in certain areas of academic governance, as decreed by the Board of Trustees. But do not push that role too far, or try to participate in fundamental debate about the nature of the institution, for, after all, we are a Catholic and a Jesuit College." At first glance this might be called having it both ways; on closer examination it is a position of ambiguity and indecision which creates a lack of legitimacy and a chronic defensiveness which distracts and distorts the energies and capacities of the often outstanding men who occupy positions of leadership and authority in the college. In the end, nobody wins.

One way out would be to complete the transition to secularization, which would mean basing all decisions and positions on academic grounds alone. Some respected Holy Cross faculty have advocated a position which involves this choice as the best way to remedy the college's lack of clear direction. Led by Professor Vincent McBrien, they have dreamed of creating at Holy Cross a "Catholic Amherst." In the middle 1960s they were encouraged by Professor David Riesman's statement that Holy Cross was "on the verge of greatness." To complete the journey to academic excellence, they had a program: reduction of the size of the student

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body to 1800 or 2000 students in order to maximize use of the college's resources and bring the quality of students up to the elite college level; de-emphasis of intercollegiate athletics and redirection of scholarship aid to needy but gifted students; extension of student recruiting to non-Catholic high schools at a truly national level; placing a layman in the Office of Dean, with a consequent extension of an effective faculty voice in decision-making; and a vigorous development and public relations program aimed at changing the college's traditional Catholic and athletic image to one more in accord with the goal and the reality of academic excellence. Such a

program, they believed, would justify the college's high tuition and would supply a firm basis for a creative undergraduate education which, they confidently expected, would attract private and foundation support.

For reasons never entirely clear, the trustees and the Jesuit administration did not accept this program. While professing their dedication to academic excellence, college authorities never answered the argument that excellence was unattainable under present admission and promotional policies. The trustees overrode without reasonable dialogue or adequate justification an overwhelming faculty decision to place financial aid on a need basis, in effect abolishing athletic grants-in-aid. While rejecting, or more frequently ignoring, the program of Dr. McBrien and his supporters, the college's leaders offered no clear alternative of their own. From the viewpoint of many faculty, college policy appeared a series of *ad hoc* responses to financial emergencies unrelated to clear goals or objectives. In governance, despite mechanisms for full community participation, decision-making on college-wide issues remained safely beyond faculty or student control. Inter-departmental and college-wide allocation of limited financial resources in particular was removed from *effective* community participation and from clear procedures of internal accountability.

Jesuit resistance to faculty initiatives was understandable. Some faculty believe that the vision of Holy Cross as a "Catholic Amherst" flows quite naturally from the college's traditions; Holy Cross would simply recapitulate the histories of other, formerly Protestant, schools which gradually de-emphasized their religious orientation while growing into vigorous undergraduate institutions. Nevertheless, the program would require the subordination of the college's denominational and Jesuit character. Of course, it would allow an unobtrusive religious presence in the Chaplain's Office and the Religious Studies Department, but continued emphasis on the college's Catholic tradition would unduly restrict the pool of students from which the college draws to Catholics and an occasional non-Catholic attracted by some particular feature of college life. Adherents of this faculty program assume that Catholic students are no longer naturally inclined towards Catholic schools, and are no longer inhibited by parents and teachers from considering Amherst and Williams. Accordingly it seems inevitable that a Catholic Holy Cross will have difficulty simply maintaining the present quality of its student body, much less improving it dramatically. If these assumptions are valid, then only by de-emphasizing the Catholic, Jesuit character of the school, could Holy Cross hope to compete successfully in recruiting the broad-base, national, student presence that the primary goal of academic excellence requires.

De-emphasis need not mean elimination of the college's Catholic character. But it would mean that Jesuit presence, beyond the window-dressing of campus ministry and religious studies, either of which could exist quite vigorously at Amherst, would have to justify itself on academic grounds. Indeed, the test of every significant policy would be academic. Deans and presidents would be academically qualified persons who commanded the confidence of the faculty. The Jesuits, who fostered and facilitated the growth of Holy Cross as a liberal arts college would now join other faculty on an equal professional basis in building a program indistinguishable from that of other "comparable institutions." As one faculty member put it:

> The Jesuits' sense of apostolate must change if the Jesuits are going to have a maximum impact and if Holy Cross is going to prosper. No one ever asks what denominational base underlines Amherst College. They know the college only for its academic quality. When Holy Cross has achieved that kind of image, the real apostolate will have been fulfilled.

It is no accident that this program, then, is viewed by college administrators as a threat to Jesuit presence; it is. The drive for academic excellence is, must be, also a drive for faculty power. For if the sole, or predominant, criterion of policy is academic quality, then the faculty must be the sole, or predominant, source of authority and legitimacy.

The faculty who uphold this goal have not always been candid about this. Rarely have advocates of a "Catholic Amherst" made clear that their position does reduce the Jesuit role to one of sponsorship and, at best, collegiality. Equally important, after several de-

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feats, they have failed to promote their goal by regularly articulating and explaining their program, soliciting support for it among all segments of the college community. Until this spring, they did not even organize to resist administrative violations of faculty prerogatives. Instead of vigorous discussion, sullen resignation characterized many faculty meetings. An adversary relationship between faculty and administration became chronic at Holy Cross, rooted in confusion regarding the legitimate locus of authority. The result has been inertia, mutual distrust and suspicion, administrative high-handedness and a general inability on all sides to respond with firmness and clarity to the challenges of recent years.

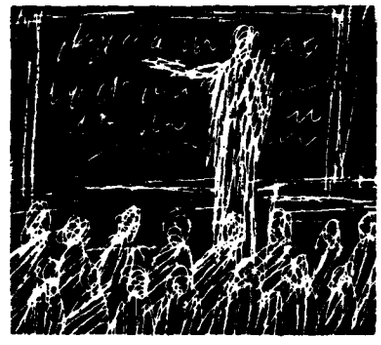
Through it all, the Jesuit administration and faculty have failed to articulate new goals and objectives for the college and to initiate changes in accord with them. In this the Jesuits at Holy Cross are not alone. A few years ago the American Jesuit Assistancy initiated a study of its educational apostolate, imaginatively entitled "Project One." In April, 1974, the Planning Committee outlined the problem: under the impact of Vatican II and rapid social change in the nation, Jesuit colleges and universities, and the men who staff them, had lost their sense of mission. "The corporate apostolate posture and purposes of the Society are not clear—or at least are not publicly articulated," they wrote. As a result, "confidence in the religious character of their work" and "Jesuit self-confidence" in general have "come into question." Accordingly all Jesuit communities were asked to consider whether they thought it desirable to articulate a new rationale and develop a new structure for a "corporate Jesuit apostolate" in higher education. The Planning Committee, working closely with the nation's provincials, pointed out that a positive response would require a new structure for intra-Jesuit cooperation and dialogue and a "rationale . . . which would make intellectually comprehensible and psychologically satisfying the purposes, mission, and goal of the Society in the apostolate of higher education."

The result was overwhelming: almost unanimously Jesuit leaders involved in the educational apostolate called for a continued commitment to a "corporate apostolate." At the same time, they said that this should in no way restrict the autonomy of Jesuit institutions, should involve no serious accountability of local Jesuit communities to their provinces, and should give the widest scope to the local community in its adaptation to its educational institution. Several points are notable about the consultation: it has not involved any concerted effort to ask the church at large, or any significant group within it, what it perceives to be the proper Jesuit educational apostolate today. Neither has any organized effort been made to consult lay faculty at Jesuit educational institutions. Insofar as these institutions figure in the consultation, they are defined from a Jesuit point of view: colleges and universities must develop their own direction and purposes, these must be "consistent" with those of the Jesuit community, and must provide opportunity for Jesuit participants to exercise their particular apostolate.

Most striking of all is the public acknowledgment that a convincing corporate rationale for Jesuit education does not exist.

There is nothing unusual about this, for it is the dominant tendency of institutions in our culture. The Fathers of last year's Jesuit General Congregation put the problem in its proper context:

> Our apostolic institutions, along with many of those of the church herself, are being subjected to the same crisis that social institutions in general are presently undergoing. Here again is an experience we share with our contemporaries, and in a particularly painful way. The relevance of our work as religious priests and apostolates is often enough not evident to the men and women around us. Not only that: despite the firmness of our faith and our convictions the relevance of what we do



> may not even be clear, sometimes, even to ourselves. This unsettles us, and in our insecurity we tend to respond to questioning with silence and to shy away from confrontation.

People at Holy Cross know of what the Fathers spoke. It is not a decisive effort of the Jesuits at Holy Cross to reshape the college as Jesuit that causes problems, for no such effort has taken place. Nor is there here any straightforward confrontation of the Jesuit apostolate with the professional commitments and limitations of the faculty, for there has been no articulation of the nature of the Jesuit apostolate, at least none that has any substance for the life of the school. Holy Cross's problem is precisely the opposite: silence from the administration regarding the goals and purposes of the college, as they see them, and a general unwillingness or inability to articulate an understanding of the Holy Cross mission which the faculty could accept or reject, debate and correct.

In part, this stems from the self-image of Holy Cross's Jesuit academics. Fine professors, trained in first-rate secular graduate schools, staff on an equal basis the departments and offices of the college, while their Jesuit colleagues, whom they meet occasionally for

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drinks, monopolize key positions in academic administration. Alumni, including trustees, profess to value this presence in a special way, for, they contend, Jesuits are dedicated to serving the college and the students. That this argument is insulting to the rest of the faculty, they seldom seem to understand. The fact is that the Jesuits want it both ways: academic excellence and decision-making based solely on educational criteria, and, at the same time reservation of a special role to Jesuits. If academic excellence is in fact the primary goal, then an absolute policy granting Jesuits special privileges in hiring or retaining for one of their number key offices of leadership is quite simply dishonest.

Yet, it is not the present confusion and intransigence of Jesuit education which is so specially frustrating, but the sense of real possibility which is an equally significant reality in the Jesuit community today. In their response to the Project One consultation, several Jesuit groups involved in the social apostolate noted the absence in the options presented to the colleges and university communities of more than passing reference to the 1974 Jesuit General Congregation. Drawing upon the results of that historic meeting, they urged that, whatever resolution came out of the consultation, it should include a serious commitment to raise the critical consciousness of students and faculty regarding issues of social injustice in the world and the relationship between those issues and the structures of economic and social life here in the United States.

The Thirty-Second General Congregation of the Society of Jesus did indeed place at the center of Jesuit mission "the service of faith, of which the promotion of justice is an absolute requirement." Responding to an informed understanding of the state of the world, the Jesuit Fathers made the "clear decision" that "the Society should commit itself to work for the promotion of justice." The Congregation took this step with full awareness of its own failures on this score in the past, and in spite of the reservations of Pope Paul, who feared that other essential elements of Jesuit apostolate might be neglected. This dual commitment to responsible service to the church and dedication to serving mankind in the struggle for justice and peace arises from the best and most hopeful thrusts in contemporary Catholic life.

The General Congregation left unclear the exact relationship between these goals and the Jesuit educational apostolate. Implementation and application has been left to Provinces and schools. Unfortunately, if Project One's published proceedings are any evidence, this decentralized implementation may bring no response. If so, it will not be because Father Arrupe isn't trying. He has in fact given education for justice a very high priority. He says in his letter, "Men for Others":

> We have to be the voice of those who have no voice, studying for this purpose the situations in which they find themselves; learning to represent them when they cannot be heard; and, above all, providing them with a voice and a platform by means of education and a wise conscientization.
>
> We have to strive to transform the mentality of society, not only among those in power but also among the middle classes whose influence is great in this field; so that, first, they come to understand the problem of human misery, and then attain to that indispensable interior change of heart which is a necessary condition for a just and lasting solution at all levels, structural, political, and social.

Rather than a simple disposition to practice justice and charity in personal relations, Arrupe makes clear that education for justice demands a stance of fundamental resistance to many of the economic, political and educational policies of the present day. It demands, too, a clear recognition that commitment to justice goes beyond confrontation with personal sinfulness to the analysis, evaluation and revision of the structures of injustice which dominate much of our world. People and institutions which identify themselves as Christian must possess three attributes which he describes:

> *First,* a basic attitude of respect for all men which forbids us ever to use them as instruments for our own profit.
>
> *Second,* a firm resolve never to profit from, or allow ourselves to be suborned by, positions of power deriving from privilege. . . . .
>
> *Third,* an attitude not simply of refusal but of counter-attack against injustice; a decision to work with others toward the dismantling of unjust social structures so that the weak, the oppressed, the marginalized of this world may be set free.

Lest this seem too "religious" an emphasis, Arrupe emphasized as well "technologies are needed as instruments of analysis and action" and "ideologies are needed to program analysis and action so that they will actually dislodge and dismantle injustice." But this does not mean acceptance of a normal secular willingness to leave these in their convenient compartments, or disciplines, while giving a separate but equal role to ethics and religion.

> Technologies, ideologies, disciplines are tools. And it is the Christian ethos, the Christian vision of values, that must use these tools while submitting them to judgment and relativizing their tendency to make absolutes of themselves. Relativizing them, putting them in their place, as it were, with full realization that the Christian ethos cannot possibly construct a new world without their assistance.

A Possible Solution

The goal of Jesuit education as set forth by Arrupe is the formation of "men for others" (I hope, now, "persons for others") who live out personal and political

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resistance to egoism and dehumanization. Jesuits would call each other and their friends to conversion, to put aside sin and greed not only personally but in terms of those structures within which we live and which mirror our failings. Instead Christians learn together to live authentic and effective lives for others, understanding the injustice of the world, analyzing its sources and organizing technologies and ideologies for dealing with it, remembering always that "the oppressed . . . must be the principal agents of change. The role of the privileged is to assist them, to reinforce with pressure from above the pressure exerted from below on the structures that need to be changed."

A college which was Jesuit would, then, be composed of a lot of people who agreed on at least three things. First, they would give witness to their "firm determination to live much more simply, as individuals, as families, as social groups, and in this way to stop short, or at least slow down, the expanding spiral of luxurious living and social competition." Second, they would make a "firm determination to draw no profit whatever from clearly unjust sources." And thirdly, and Arrupe admits, "most difficult, they would make a firm resolve to be agents of change in society; not merely resisting unjust structures and arrangements, but actively undertaking to reform them."

Could this vision be the foundation for a new set of goals for Jesuit education and for a program to attain them? The vision would seem to imply a program quite different from that normally available in American or in Catholic higher education. It would re-emphasize the colleges' Catholic character, not as respectable window dressing, but as real demands that people make on themselves and one another. It would require a set of guidelines in faculty hiring which would emphasize recruiting personnel who shared the commitment to justice. It would involve developing new programs to encourage the kind of critical consciousness required to live authentic Christian and human life in our times. It would challenge prevailing departmental and disciplinary divisions, questioning all academic procedures from the point of view of education for justice. While this vision need not disregard, or even deemphasize, academic excellence, it would place that quality in an explicit value framework. Of course, it need not be a "Jesuit plan," but it could provide a basis for justifying a special role for Jesuit faculty and administration. But that role would have to acknowledge mutual accountability of all involved, for that is integral to the framework of the value commitment involved.

If indeed the Jesuits wish to take this vision of "persons for others" seriously, they must recognize that the vision itself conveys something about the necessary character of its promotion. It would surely be quite unacceptable for the Jesuits to announce tomorrow that they have finally figured out what "Jesuit college" means and all must now abide by it. Neither students, nor faculty, nor, one hopes, priests can be coerced or browbeaten into either academic excellence or action for justice. Rather the proper stance must be one of invitation, by which those who are concerned about the goals of the institution invite others who share its life to consider new possibilities. The processes appropriate to an intellectual community are the same processes appropriate to the Christian church, processes of witness and dialogue and free decision. Administrators might begin by examining their own attitudes and practices in light of this commitment to human dignity, just dealings, and personal and collective self-determination.

But even that small beginning will be impossible unless there is a clear articulation of the goal and an honest, straightforward statement of its implications. If the program of a "Catholic Amherst" threatens Jesuit power, and it does, the faith and justice model threatens faculty power, independence and, if presented heavy-handedly, faculty self-respect. For some reason, Jesuits who would be the first to criticize a bishop who acted without consultation, seem not to understand that to the faculty, utilization of Trustee power to override vital faculty concerns seems—is—equally arbitrary and unjust. Only mutual respect and a willingness to trust people can create the kind of atmosphere where different concerns can be expressed, alternative visions explored and debated, fears put at rest, and legitimate decisions made.

A serious corporate Catholic presence in higher education, Jesuit or not, will be possible only if religious communities who have been the custodians of institutional traditions invite the collaboration of lay faculty. The bishops around the country today who believe they are insuring the future of Catholic elementary and secondary education by fighting teacher unionization with all the antiquated union-busting weapons of the past, are not only deluding themselves and their people, but seriously damaging the prospects of Christian mission through the Catholic community in America. College administrators who try to insure institutional preservation by treating the faculty as the enemy are just as tragically foolish. For the facts are clear to any who look: without the collaboration and sacrifice of the lay faculty, Catholic education at any level has no future at all.

Unfortunately, the Jesuits have not taken seriously Pope Paul's warning to the General Congregation that "we must not forget that the priest should inspire lay Catholics, since in the promotion of justice theirs is the more demanding role." The vision of the congregation could begin to take on flesh at Holy Cross without disrupting proper academic procedures; if the commitment were made, funding could be found for special programs, faculty development and new resources. What is lacking is not means but a real commitment to education for justice and a determination to explore strategies for its

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implementation. There are many people at Holy Cross who would like to be part of a diverse, even tense, community where serious issues were openly and honestly faced. While Jesuits defend their besieged citadel and faculty try to salvage their self-respect, a national election is going on in which such issues as world hunger, domestic and international resource distribution, environmental deterioration, and worldwide militarism are not even discussed. Holy Cross seniors enter a world where they will be forced to scramble for decent jobs with little hope of using their talents and spirits on behalf of justice and human liberation. Let us hope that we can quickly restore justice and fairness throughout the Catholic community and that at Holy Cross the present crisis will result in more confident, organized and responsible faculty and the renewal of a sense of Jesuit mission and service. If that could happen, the best of Jesuit traditions and commitment could become exciting resources for the renewal of Catholic higher education, to the enrichment of the church and the world.

THIRD WAY IN ENGLISH

JOHN DRUSKA

Tyranny in the kingdoms of language and literature

I

Last year I attended a lecture given by John Holt in a hotel meeting-room that was filled with several hundred listeners, many of them teachers. At one extreme of the audience were those who knew of Holt by reputation only and wished to hear whether his ideas might be of some use to them in their classrooms. At the other were people like myself, who had long admired Holt's sanity and rigorous pragmatism in the work of education and had come to the lecture to reconnect with his arguments and to cheer him on against those bubble-headed illusionists who insist upon labeling him "romantic." It was the first time I'd seen Holt and he appeared at the podium, dressed I think in a corduroy suit, looking more formidable than I'd expected. Once he began speaking, though, it became evident that large sections of the audience—murmuring and nodding and smiling among themselves—weren't going along with Holt. He started in such a halting manner, apparently fumbling for his words, rephrasing sentences. I grew embarrassed, as I tend to do when a public figure I respect seems headed for a belittling performance. I worried that Holt might have been KO'd by the pre- and post-prandial refreshments commonly offered big-name lecturers before their appearances. It was shaping up to be a grim evening.

But Holt gained a sort of hesitant momentum as he continued to speak; and I reflected that what he had to say, derived from his personal and long-standing practice of education, coupled with the impersonal situation of his having to address a mob-sized audience that night, had caused his tentative beginnings, his probing attempts to connect with the individual members of the audience in terms of their experience and to make himself and his ideas vulnerable to their concerns. Indeed, the more I listened the more this connection appeared the aim of his slow, self-editing manner of speaking, his ingenuous presentation of ideas startling to many of those present. He was *trying* language in a specific setting, for a specific purpose, without compromising it. He had too deep a respect for his audience, his subject, and himself to chatter on glibly and to offer us the conceptual jargon and slick token strictures of politicians, education teachers and newsmagazines. He needed to find instead a medium that might disengage his audience from its role as passive receptor, disengage its members from their quotidian habits of thought long enough to get them to enter into the spirit of his performance, to engage in his inquiry about education. Even as a Holt-run classroom might engage students and teacher in working through theories and practices on their own instincts, making discoveries.

Holt's struck me as an honest lecture rather than a textbook one, suggesting that perhaps in many instances only such indirection as his directs us to true statement. It was an object lesson, but one that few of the teachers present had the patience to appreciate. Many reacted to Holt's public style by regarding his ideas with scornful condescension ("I'd like to see him try that in *my* classroom," "*I* know how to handle that problem."), and some of them posed skeptical questions during the post-lecture discussion period. Few, I thought, had really tried to entertain Holt's thoughts

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with even a fraction of the care he had taken in revealing them to us. A different sort of grimness, bureaucratic and disheartening, settled into the place.

It was as if Holt had spoken in another language. In fact, he had. Educator Ken Macrorie, in his book *Uptaught* (Hayden, 1970), uses one of his student's designations, "Engfish," to name that kind of language which I knew Holt's audience had been trained to expect, the kind used as legal tender at all levels of education and especially helpful in a teacher's daily struggles to assert classroom dominance:

> This girl (unnamed) had given me a name for the bloated, pretentious language I saw everywhere around me, in the students' themes, in the textbooks on writing, in the professors' and administrators' communications to each other. A feel-nothing, say-nothing language, dead like Latin, devoid of the rhythms of contemporary speech. A dialect in which words are almost never 'attached to things,' as Emerson said they should be.

Macrorie describes further the tyranny of Engfish over the kingdoms of language and literature:

> The grade school student is told by his teacher that he must learn Engfish because the high school teacher will expect mastery of it. The high school student is told by his teacher that he must learn it because the college professor will expect mastery of it. The college undergraduate is told by his professor that he must learn it so he can go on to graduate school and write his Ph.D. thesis in it.
>
> Almost no one reads theses.

Swallowed whole by Engfish, the audience that night last year wasn't able to understand Holt talking plain English.

II

I thought of Holt earlier this year, in the midst of the media blitz that generally questioned the adequacy of methods being used to teach English, particularly the writing of English, in the United States today. Key documents like *Newsweek*'s "Why Johnny Can't Write" (Dec. 8, 1975) spurred reporters and news commentators to beleaguer us all through the last spring with rehashed jeremiads about the decline and fall of Verbal S.A.T. scores over the past dozen years and about the yen of concerned educators and their clients to "get back to basics."

When I read the *Newsweek* article, upon the recommendation of a member of our school administration, I was appalled by the crudeness in its treatment of the issue: the article dealt with the problems involved in teaching writing in terms of such simplistic reductions of the experience itself. It cited a young teacher at Chicago's DuSable High School who mixes dialect-translations with more restrictive approaches to teaching language: "And interestingly enough, she finds that the youngsters respond particularly well to traditional drills for teaching standard English." Score one for the old-timers. The article quoted James Dickey who, drawing on the same jock clichés he's used often enough to cheapen his poetry, portrayed the English teacher as "a kind of coach. . . In writing, if a student is weak on how the language is put together I have him get an elementary grammar book and *exercise*." Score another for the good old boys. And so on. I recalled the caution Holt gives in one of his books against regarding the brain, in all its mysterious and wonderful capacities, as merely a muscle.

Large portions of the *Newsweek* story, typical in this of many reports of its ilk, implied support of rote-

learning and other so-called traditional techniques, and doubt as to the efficacy of so-called more creative techniques. In its reactionary amalgam of educational criticism *Newsweek* spent little time exploring the areas which it touched. The article's hearsay effect reminded me of random quotes I'd heard at teachers' meetings: "Well, *affective* has been *in* for a while, but it's on the way out now;" or, "I spend most of my time on grammar. I just give them creative writing as a treat. Once a week at most. If they're not good, they don't get it."

These quotes and the *Newsweek* article, along with similar recent pronouncements, suggest in the main a dualistic view of English teaching, quite apt in our two-party land of hawks and doves, prelates and politicians, secretaries and whores. There are the salutary prescriptive methods and the volatile creative ones, the two sets of which virtually exclude each other. Between them a teacher must choose, or mix at her/his risk: a small dose of the latter might be allowed on occasion to flavor the former. They are, essentially, the Two Ways. Granted, advocates of this view make in some instances finer distinctions. But not much finer, and once any issue enters our miraculous disseminatory channels, the already simplistic has a way of becoming monolithically so.

The most astonishing thing about this view—more

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astonishing to me than its sinister undercurrent, a neurotic suspicion of creativity—is in the blindness from which it suffers. Omitted from its analyses are those educators who, over the last several decades, have tried to show us Third Ways of teaching. Absent from nearly all of the browbeating critiques of the past months was mention of prophets like Holt, Macrorie (whose words "Third Way" I appreciate here), the late Paul Goodman, Ned O'Gorman—writers and teachers who certainly don't agree with each other on all points, but who are equally committed to freeing students' minds so that they may come to honor the self-discipline required of creative work. I remembered, in the wake of so much Two Ways criticism, how so many had turned away from Holt's lecture, dissatisfied with the man's modest yet brash pragmatism. "Back to basics," I'm sure many of them were thinking, "Down with license;" as if there always had been but two choices. And no doubt they were convinced which way yields the desired results, which allows students to score highest on standardized exams marked by companies who seem at present a little too gratuitously concerned over falling scores, in light of their economic self-interests.

Parents, as well as teachers, continue to buy the dualistic tripe. It's no wonder, I guess, that so many are terrified of raising children who might not conform to school, jock heroics and job. After all, millions of us are products of what Goodman has called our "lockstep" system of education (in *Compulsory Miseducation* [Vintage, 1962]), functioning now in the lockstep economic mill of American society, though at one of the mill's more insecure moments. In his sequel to *The Storefront* (Harper, 1970), *The Wilderness and the Laurel Tree* (Harper, 1972), O'Gorman describes how part of our youngest generation has been and is being brought into a lockstep education earlier than ever, through Head Start programs that aim for sending children on to the schools "docile, drilled in alphabets and silence." So may they grow to travel The Road That Must Be Taken, learning lessons in Engfish along the way.

Alternatives exist for some. Free schools inspired since the sixties by the work of teachers like Jonathan Kozol and Herbert Kohl; other, older experiments. The loci of my concern, though, are those more regimented schools staffed by the kinds of teachers in Holt's audience. They constitute a massive problem in American education, these places where taking a Third Way is so risky, yet so vital an option.

III

Conventional retorts to the pro-basics offensive of the past months have cited the increase in diversity and numbers of students currently enrolled in our schools, as well as the likelihood that what passed as good writing in the good old days may have been no better than what appears to be failing as writing today. Additionally, as reported in the June issue of the National Association of Secondary School Principals' *Curriculum Report*: "To ask if there has been a decline in writing ability may be to ask the unanswerable question, since, as Ralph Tyler and other competent observers of the educational scene note, the purposes for writing have declined in the outer society."

These sound, however, like rather obvious and paltry comebacks. Hardly any avoid the defensive stance thrust upon their speakers by the crisis-journalists. And so few are able to champion Third Ways on the ways' own merits, since they answer charges contrived by the dualistic view. They ought instead to make some simple points overlooked by the simplistic critics, points especially applicable to situations in which regimented educators have pretended to make certain allowances for alternative ways of teaching, if only with an eye toward lumping all such efforts as the failed Other Way. These points, in one form or another, implied or explicated, appear through the works of those aforementioned prophet-philosophers, as well as in the writings of many other teachers (for an excellent bibliography see Appendix II of Holt's *What Do I Do Monday?* [Dell, 1970] and add to it more recent works like Macrorie's outstanding *A Vulnerable Teacher* [Hayden, 1974]). Let me offer my version of them, culled in my case from teaching experiences that span a dozen years:

1) On Time and Measurement: Deviations from the rote/lecture teaching methodology have been evaluated in many instances over strictly limited periods of time. Measurements used to assess such learning experiments have just as often been the same standardized ones created to gauge the rote/lecture system in its heyday. S.A.T. = Same As Then. What many Third Ways insist upon, namely that tolerance must be practiced in gauging the progress of a student who is exploring and developing her/-his use of language and that advancement in learning is predicated upon the student's working from his strengths, is undercut by artificial criteria that require students to become proficient in fragmented, unnatural modes of expression, in labeling and nitpicking rather than in gaining sensibly a grasp of the logic of one's utterances. Bureaucrat-educators as a rule regard Third Way tolerance as a lowering of standards, a disservice to clients, when in fact it suggests the deepest respect for the humanity of learner and of language.
2) Space: Restrictive notions of school-space and mind-space abet the tyranny of puppeteer-teachers and devalue Third Way belief in the organic re-

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lation between learning and one's life. Category and the making of absolute judgments within incredibly arbitrary limits (the latter a thumbnail description of most "tests") are preeminent here. Self-direction, peer-group evaluation, courses open to changing direction and variant approaches (a fair list of the characteristics of most humane adult occupations) are highly suspect.

3) On the Basic Structure of Things: The colleges cry that basics aren't being taught in high schools, which in turn cry out at the grade schools. At every level rote/lecture teaching strategies prevent individual students from developing a sense of why structure and precision in language are useful. Students are not allowed to read and write on toward discovering their need to understand the basics of things, except under certain very limited conditions (1 & 2 above). Bureaucrat-educators worry that without incessant drills the students will fall below national norms. A truth about learning, however, is that at any age large amounts of knowledge can be assimilated in short periods of time, if the student is interested, if he/she comes to a need for knowing. A case in point: working in a remedial program for problem learners sponsored by the Illinois Department of Mental Health (in 1970 & 1971) several of us taught handfuls of students who averaged by the end of two-months' work nearly a two-years' increase in reading levels. I despaired nonetheless. Without the interest in language that our individual attentions had elicited from them, back in crowded public-school classrooms where most of their teachers had already written them off (at ages 10-13) as wiseoffs and dumb spics, they were bound to fail, and fail again.

The *Curriculum Report* I quoted above does begin, in several of its sections, to address these points, especially the problem of measuring-systems. It considers the College Board's and ACT's changing policies toward including writing-sample tests in the standard batteries, and more importantly, notes that the College Board's Advanced Placement Program English Examination "assesses actual writing by students (and) is superior both as a teaching and measuring model . . . (a) holistically graded essay assessment that for 16 years has reflected no score decline. Not every essay is literate, but the general level of literacy is higher each year, the examiners say." Amid the the gloom, then, some gratification for AP English teachers. For me, too, since in the course of five separate years since 1968 I've taught versions of this program, whose "course description and . . . exam," says the *Report,* "are applicable to any English high school instruction," though administered mainly to "upper level students seeking college credit." Yet the *Report*'s discussion of this program, vis-a-vis the measurement of writing skills, barely begins to investigate the rote/lecture vs. other-ways-of-inquiry problem. And, in spite of its attractions, the Advanced Placement Program is at most a more enlightened part of that overload of national-testing paraphernalia with which a report of this sort feels constrained to deal. Many similar reports succumb to the criteria of this baggage, the rub again in that repetitive criticism of less-restrictive teaching techniques has too often incited response in its own terms, so obscuring the issue. The close of the *Curriculum Report,* its half-dozen item bibliography of sources for the teaching of writing and the *Exempli Gratia* list of various high school writing programs, is patently shadowed by the testing-question, yet another example of a response to the fabricated crisis that fails to clarify the practicality and the evaluative autonomy of Third Ways that work.

Macrorie, whose ideas I believe are so valuable because so many of them come from his experience in public instruction (chiefly at Western Michigan University) defines in *Uptaught* his Third Way:

> In the First Way the teacher hands out a package of information and tests to see whether students can remember its content . . .
>
> In the Second Way, the teacher provides complete freedom and no direction at all . . .
>
> In the Third Way, which I stumbled onto, students operate with freedom and discipline. They are given real choices . . .

The vocabulary of the First Way dominates the current media-driven crisis in education. Lately, in places where teachers have opted for liberation with responsibility, often in the face of openly-critical colleagues, officials have been wont to harp on "accountability." That catchword continues to require evaluation in terms of standardized, sometimes fossilized, norms, constricting space and time and the student's mind, rather than in terms of *how* students learn, of the possibility that by traveling Third Ways students might establish alternative and equally valid means of achievement and assessment. Those who cry "accountability" speak as potentates of licensing, against license. Their desire for efficiency in our educational machines finds ready company in our current critics' jesuitical concern with *ends,* with how students will *fit* into place once out of school.

These managers and reporters trade, perhaps not always deliberately, in distortions inevitable to their simplistic view. Some of them, for example, write off more creative teaching techniques as ineffective by suggesting that English electives which feature such techniques are essentially no-writing courses. Any good teacher, in reality, agrees that writing ought to be a major part of all English courses, elective or otherwise, as should reading. Non-writing figures in the separate issue of bad teaching. In the public forum, though, the mixing of issues slanders those good teachers who use creative

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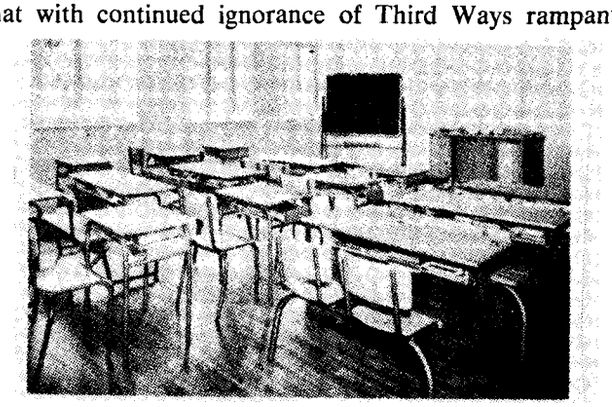
techniques to teach writing. The crux of the real issue —whether there is One Way to teach writing well, or whether Third Ways work, if not by One Way criteria then according to other, possibly more significant, values —is, by this simplification, rendered unintelligible.

Perhaps future responses to the pro-basics criticism will be able to introduce more of the Third Way vocabulary, talking English instead of Engfish. A publisher-friend informs me that *Media & Methods* plans an issue meant to put into a more reasonable perspective the recent spate of critical salvos.

Meanwhile let us notice how proof of the rote/lecture system's failure abounds in our world. See how for more students than ever before years of education accrue to create a fragmented view of the world, a fractional experience that many of them claim as their share of absolute truth. See why the indictment of rote/lecture learning, of how its instilled docility produces time and again bigotry of every sort, needs to be phrased in devastating terms: it has helped to build the chauvinistic yet insecure, the gossiping yet mute, America we know, and has insisted on advertising itself as the Great White Hope against its dark foe libertarianism. Let us lament that with continued ignorance of Third Ways rampant



about us we'll be doomed to find John Holt's assessment of our situation today (from *What Do I Do Monday?)* truer than ever tomorrow, and we may be left then with little more than the hapless joke of the poem which here ends his quote:

> The fault of our universities, of our intellectuals and academics, is that they have made themselves into Experts instead of Philosophers. They have largely destroyed, for most of us, our so vital sense that the world, human life, human experience, is a whole, and everywhere open to us. They have taken the great common property of human knowledge and experience, which ought to belong to us all, and made it into private property. Like the men who long ago enclosed the common land in rural England, or those who later fenced in much of the open range in our own West, they have cut up our common property into little pieces, fenced them in, put up signs saying No Trespassing and Entrance by Permission Only. About this, I feel much like the unknown people's poet who wrote, about the enclosure of the common lands in England:
>
> The law condemns both man and woman
> Who steals the goose from off the common
> But lets the greater felon loose
> Who steals the common from the goose.

IV

During the tenure of my first full-time high school job (1968-1971) my steps toward Third Ways were tentatively taken, retractable. I taught competently, often by lecture, mapping sectors of English or American literature for my students, policing them through grammar exercises. I took a few risks: breaking classes up into smaller groups, releasing students from classroom time, putting one or two on independent study, inviting discussion and response. I seldom relinquished, though, my artificial status, standing before rows of desks.

But I did discover that the risks worked, that from them came the best writing my students turned in, fine perceptive stories like the ones John Conley, whom I'd banished from class, wrote about the winos derelicit along west Lake St., or Tony Sedlak's accounts of his hilarious capers on the south side of Chicago. Carefully-detailed poems like those Mike Kulis wrote about the aging pastor mocked by his parishioners, the lives caged by skid-row fire escapes.

Near the end of those three years of teaching, while I walked the corridors of the school I had attended not many years before, I sensed that something was wrong. Most of my teaching, I realized, was going on in the same way most of the other teaching in the school was, the same way it had been going on during my days there as a student. An endless droning seemed to come from each roof, muffled by the terrific lethargy it struggled against, the same listlessness as in that grainy, grey vision of Fred Wiseman's startling film *High School*. Only the teachers who were able to maintain great classroom presences, some of them through innovation (there had been, thankfully, quite a few—the Jesuits Whitehead, Polakowski, Mattimoe, Cahill—and one or two were left, like the still-indomitable classicist Frank Raispis), could transcend the completely dulling effect of this pedagogy. Yet for years 99 percent of the school's graduates had gone on to college, to become the professionals, and far less often, the artists of the future (Conley, though, a dropout first; Sedlak a bus mechanic; Kulis killed before finishing college). I sensed the incredible force it would take, simply for example to refigure the desks in my room. The few times I tried it, the students had them back in correct rows before the bell rang to begin class.

When I returned to high school teaching elsewhere after working on a university fellowship, I invoked

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mentors like Holt and Goodman to counsel me; I connected myself with O'Gorman's storefront experience in Harlem, trying to invigorate my present by retaining links to a grand summer of the past, 1968, when I had helped run a neighborhood storefront project on Chicago's west side; and I discovered Macrorie, found his account of his change of heart toward teaching methods similar to the one I'd experienced, and following his advice in *Telling Writing* (Hayden, 1970) taught one of my most successful writing courses. While I had Frank Raispis in high esteem as a modern paragon of what the old school still could accomplish, I came to work with and admire Bob Pierle, a social studies teacher masterful at taking his Third Way, insistently pragmatic yet hardly a headstrong radical. Out of the Navy and beginning to raise a family that numbers nine children to date, he had put himself through school in Los Angeles, earning two master's degrees, by driving a cement truck. He had taught in the Simi Valley public system before returning home to Indiana and his current teaching job at a private school. In his work he challenges constantly the idea that he be held accountable to a numbers racket that has educated our citizenry so well in the past we've had to settle for Vietnam, Nixon and the utter debasement of our public language during the time our nation was supposed to be reaching a new maturity. Bob's devotion to thoughtful freedom is unflagging. He confronts in his indirect way, and sometimes directly, the administration, other teachers, his students. Like Holt's audience few go along with him. Most predictably, the great number of students who have been trained as model prisoners to equate lack of regimentation with foolishness are the ones who budge least. Some in the school feel threatened, resent him, scoff at him. Others, thanks to his trust, learn how to learn.

For many, it's as if he's speaking another language; which indeed he is. But it's one I've come to understand. One I don't think any of us can afford to lose, once we learn it, unless in our discourse with one another we wish to lose our minds and hearts as well. So, with an eye out for Engfishers, Bob and I converse at least with each other, often with others, while traveling by Third Ways.

THE BUCKLEY AMENDMENT

DENNIS O'BRIEN

Solving some atrocities but creating a number of problems

A second-grade boy is observed to have developed a close friendship with another boy in his class. A thoughtless school counselor jots down in a guidance record that the boy shows homosexual tendencies. On the basis of this casual observation a confidential file is developed which follows the youngster through school. The claim is never verified, the record is never known until by chance the parents discover it. This is an actual case and is invariably cited by proponents of the Family Rights and Privacy Act of 1974—commonly known as the Buckley Amendment after its author, Senator James Buckley of New York.

The Buckley Amendment to the General Education Provisions Act of that year mandated the right of parents to examine the educational records of their children so that careless, false, misleading information could be discovered, checked and corrected. Although some states already had laws which guaranteed parental access to educational records these were few and, rather surprisingly, parents often experienced considerable difficulty reaching educational records in states lacking such access laws. The Buckley Amendment changed that situation overnight by threatening denial of federal funds to schools which refused to comply to the provisions of the act. So far, so good. The case cited is clearly unacceptable and the legislative remedy seems apt. Would that it were so simple.

The Buckley Amendment is an example of federal legislation of good intent to which there could appear to be no real objection, but it is also a case study in broad-brush legislation which while solving some atrocity cases, creates a number of problems for the ordinary workings of schools. More ominous, however, are some of the arguments posed for the legislation if they ever issue in further action. Two items in the legislative history of the amendment begin to suggest that there might be problems.

The bill was entered as an amendment to the General Educational bill without any legislative hearings. So anonymous was the bill that it was already passed by

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Congress and virtually in place before some of the major educational lobbying groups were aware of its existence. What brought it to the general attention of the educational community was the fact that somewhere in the course of its gestation from perceived problem to accomplished law, the scope of the bill was extended beyond parents' rights to *school* records to students' rights to *college* records.

A brief survey of the prior agitation for legislative remedy suggests that the extension of the act to higher education is something of a surprise. An extended summation of the legal situation prior to Buckley prepared for the National Committee for Citizens in Education begins: "Elementary and secondary students in the nation's public schools are in danger of becoming locked in a record's prison. . ." No mention of colleges and universities. In the floor debate on the Buckley Amendment in August, 1974, all the discussion was about secondary and elementary education even though the bill clearly was written to apply to higher education. It was only toward November of that year when the legislation was to take effect that the higher educational world discovered that such legislation even existed and began to "view with alarm" the consequences.

Digressive Practical Comment: higher education has been particularly subject in recent years to "afterthought" legislation. A bill aimed at schools gets extended to colleges; a bill aimed at proprietary (profit making) educational programs, e.g., "Learn technotronics and raise your income!," laps over onto non-profit colleges and professional schools. It is always suspect, I suppose, to argue that one's own case is *different* but it does seem that there are some special aspects of higher education which are glossed over if not entirely mangled by some of this afterthought legislation. It may be appropriate consumer legislation to have proprietary institutions validate their claims to higher income; is it equally appropriate to have Harvard trace the placement of its MBA recipients? If one extends the provisions of the NLRA to cover faculty unions, just exactly who constitutes management in a university? (Presidents? department heads? Are students in the act at all and if so, are they with "management" or "labor"?) There seems to be a definite congressional temptation to give any possible legislation a college education. If nothing else, it shows that the bill is quite "democratic" since it covers not only the "lowly" (secondary schools, proprietary schools, labor and business) but the "elite" ("prestige" colleges and universities).

Whatever the reasons, the Buckley Amendment was granted a higher education and that raised a minor storm. Although the act is still labeled officially "*Family* Rights and Privacy," when the legislation was extended to colleges it became not the family's right but the students' right of access to educational records. To illustrate clearly what a difference this makes, one of the immediate concerns of colleges *and* parents was whether the act meant that student sons and daughters could have access to parent financial records which must be submitted in applications for scholarship assistance. The parent's right to privacy seemingly clashed with the child-as-student's right to know. Lacking a legislative history, no one was quite sure what the "educational record" was that could now be reached. Some institutions, for instance, refused to divulge the height of basketball players or even to put numbers on the jerseys for name identification on the program. Were medical or psychiatric records kept in a college infirmary to be open to the patient-student? Most of the more bizarre interpretations of the law have been ironed out either in the implementation decisions of HEW or via a series of amendments set forth by Senators Pell and Buckley. But there are still nagging worries.

How Serious?

A college official should at least be entitled to some lingering curiosity about the gravity of the problem addressed by the legislation. Since there were no hearings on the act, there is no record at hand to show that the problem of careless or malicious records is widespread in colleges and universities. One could argue, of course, that even a single case of substantial damage to an individual would justify legislation if it weren't for the fact that the Buckley amendment in guarding against aberrations has damaged in certain subtle ways the non-aberrant transactions. The focus of concern has been the process of recommendation.

Under the Buckley Amendment, students (or parents) have a right to see letters of recommendation. In the original version of the bill this right was universal but such a protest was made by placement and admissions counselors at all levels of educational transition that in the amended state students may sign waivers of their right to examine recommendations. The obvious concern of the placement-admissions officers was that recommendations which were not confidential to the person being recommended would be vacuous or indiscriminately favorable. Lacking useful recommendations, the tendency for admissions officers or potential employers may well be to retreat to standardized tests or simple grade-point averages to make selections. One would like to believe that a perceptive comment is better than a test score. In the admission of so-called disadvantaged students to higher education, scores and grades are notoriously untrustworthy and letters of appraisal can be vital if they are credible and sensitive.

There is no doubt that the right to waive access has lessened some of the worst fears but the hovering presence of the Buckley Amendment has produced a "chilling effect" on references and there is a general impression that the process is becoming blander by the

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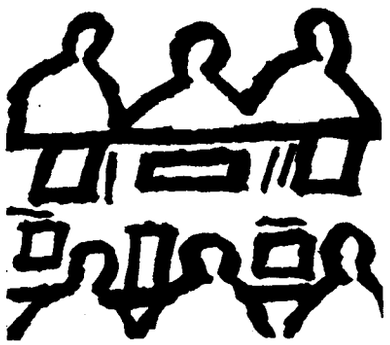
moment. And finally, there is no guarantee against malicious reference since the vehicle is no farther away than the telephone. Only *official* college records are covered by the act and any referee can circumvent the act by writing a private letter or calling on the phone with some ill-considered opinion. The Buckley Amendment scrubs the official record but this may simply drive the commending or dys-commending process underground. The Buckley Amendment may stand poised and sterile between the rigidity of standardized tests and the chummy elitism of the old boy network.

The whole complex situation into which the Buckley Amendment enters rather awkwardly is characteristic of unresolved and probably unresolvable tensions in American society. How does one combine democratic egalitarianism with elitist structures? If there are positions in a society which are regarded as more advantageous because of economic power or prestige, how is it decided who shall fill those positions? America has not chosen leveling egalitarianism where entry into favored



positions is no problem since no positions are more favored. At the same time, elites are (supposedly) not selected by ancestry, color, sex, religion, or favoritism. These methods of decision have the virtue of being clear-cut empirical methods of designation: you either are the first son of the nobility or not. But if one says that the elite positions are "open to talent" then just how does one measure talent?

The educational system has been pressed into the service of credentialing the elites in the country by grading talents and thus influencing who will enter this or that elite track. The Buckley Amendment is designed to prevent corruptions through malice or thoughtlessness of this grading process. What is interesting beyond the genuine democratic urge in the Buckley Amendment is the implication of some of the rhetoric used to support the measure. Support on the far left trails off toward a vague egalitarian leveler's sense that *any* sorting into elites—even by education—is unacceptable. What about support on the right? Senator Buckley is, after all, our only Conservative Senator.

In an address to the National PTA on March 12, 1975, the Senator began by noting the importance of PTA. "Few organizations in the country are more important than yours. I say this as the father of six children who shares your belief that education is too important to be left to the educators; that the family has and must continue to play a vital, dominate (sic) role in education, both for the good of the children and for the good of society as a whole."

"Education is too important to be left to the educators." That has a ring to it and I suspect that the vision of zealot social engineers disguised as second-grade teachers capturing tots from passive parents is abhorrent. But transfer the rhetoric to college and university. The Senator continues, "Some educators seem to feel that they know much more about the welfare and best interests of the child than do the parents; and therefore once a child comes under their sway, they think that they have the right to do what they themselves think is best for the child without regard for the values and beliefs and opinions of the parents." Add ". . . and alumni" after "parents" in the previous sentence and it could read right out of brother Buckley's famous tome *God and Man at Yale.*

Is Buckley's intent to remove corruption from educational credentialing or is it a subtle questioning of the validity of credentialing by *educators* rather than parents or some other favored group? What if the Senator were taken seriously by college curriculum committees, would they have to adjust the content and direction of higher education to conform to parent Buckley's views about what is really valuable to learn? Can education really be left in the hands of educators? It is not a great step from the persistent attacks on psychological testing instruments which recur in discussion of the Buckley Amendment to attacking the validity of college students learning about Freud (or Marx or Darwin) as a way of proving their worth to the world without.

I would not suggest that there are simple answers here. Educators have frequently been narrow-minded in drawing up curricula and it has taken everything from Parliamentary decrees on down to effect change. But, at the same time, parents and senators have not always been in the forefront of educational or social sensitivity.

On the whole, despite the added paper and cost and blanding up of the recommendation process, the Buckley Amendment is probably a useful piece of legislation. What would not be useful, I believe, would be the emergence of some of the undertones of this piece of equal opportunity legislation as dominant themes. Not being a leveler this side of Judgment, I do not find pure egalitarianism either realistic or desirable. The use of the educational system as discriminator for elites raises all sorts of grave issues about the kinds of qualities of education at all levels which it would be desirable for the educational community to consider. For all its faults, however, education seems a more adequate tool for judgment than the traditional discriminators which, one can be sure, stand ever ready to take up the task.

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MUSIC

The occasion was the first performance in the first visit of La Scala to the U.S., a bicentennial gift from Italy to America.

The question on everyone's mind was: why *Macbeth*? Because American audiences would be familiar with the story? Hidden gold in this early (1847), pre-Rigoletto work, treasures unmined in Verdi's later *Otello* and *Falstaff*? Verdi's own favorite? (He wrote to his father-in-law: Here then is *Macbeth*, which I love above all my other works.)

The answer was simple enough, given at a press conference by conductor Claudio Abbado: *Macbeth* was a new production at La Scala (1975), and in his opinion the best in the current repertoire. It was Verdi's final revision of 1874.

And it was indeed a magnificent show.

Verdi had told Felice Varesi, who first sang the part of *Macbeth*,

"Study the dramatic situation and the words. The music comes of itself. . . . I would rather you served the poet better than the composer."

On opening night the singers did seem intent on serving the poet. Piero Cappuccilli as Macbeth was impressive dramatically as well as vocally, unsparing of his great energy to make his character credible. His performance was matched by that of the great Bulgarian basso, Nicolai Ghiaurov, in the role of Banquo.

But this *Macbeth* is Lady Macbeth's show, a whole series of arias from the first-act cabaletta, to the drinking song, to the final, sleepwalking "Out, Damned Spot" (Una macchia è qui tuttora . . . Via, ti dico, o maledetta). We felt some sense of poetic justice, and much dramatic irony, in the fact that the "Lady" traveling with La Scala to wish us a Happy Birthday was our own inimitable American black soprano, Shirley Verrett.

In her portrayal of Lady Macbeth, La Verrett was capable of anything, literally, as the mad, power-hungry female who drives her reluctant man to murder:

". . . I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this."

But Verdi was wrong: the music does not come of itself. Infinite care, infinite devotion to every note, every nuance of music as well as text, characterized the performances not only of the principals, but of the orchestra under Abbado, and of the magnificent chorus, functioning variously as witches, assassins, exiles and soldiers. The Italians take their opera very seriously, especially at La Scala.

Paolo Grassi, general manager, said that La Scala is the *anima*, the soul, of Italian opera. It is only justice to add that the outstanding orchestra and chorus are the *anima* of La Scala, the very breath of life of the organization.

The orchestra, going back in our memory to Toscanini, has received its due acclaim as one of the great orchestras of Europe: it has two seasons of its own, one following the fall ballet season, and another in the summer.

The opera season opens on Dec. 7, the feast of St. Ambrose, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church, and patron saint of Milan.

This is the season when the chorus comes into its own as the *anima* of the body La Scala, the unsung heroes—if I may be pardoned—of the day, like the corps of a great ballet. With all deference to the stars, to incomparable Abbado and his incomparable opera orchestra, I reserve a profound bow for Romano Gandolfi and his opera chorus. It is, quite simply, the best opera chorus I have ever been privileged to hear, with infinite subtlety of expression, and the most powerful choral sound imaginable.

Puccini's *La Bohème*, everybody's favorite opera, under the baton of Georges Prêtre, became a vehicle for exploring the gamut of emotions in the lives of *fin-de-siècle* characters of the Left Bank, from the tortuous love of grisette Mimi and her lover, Rodolfo, to the high jinks of the four artists in their garret, to the movement and color of Christmas Eve in Montmartre, to the death of Mimi. Again, it was infinite attention to musical detail which was most impressive, with the conductor literally milking every last drop of pathos—and bathos—out of every line in the score. Add to this Franco Zeffirelli's *mise-en-scène*, especially the split-level boulevard of Act 2, and the distinctive pre-dawn *Dämmerung* of Act 3, and you have a feast for eye and ear alike. Rumanian soprano Ileana Cotrubas as Mimi achieved greatness.

Rossini's *Cenerentola* was the big surprise. It is rarely produced here, possibly because Rossini's great patter arias and ensembles are practically untranslatable (and almost incomprehensible at any rate), partly because the vocal intricacies of this style of *bel canto* singing are most difficult for singers and audiences alike. Everybody had to sing coloratura, from the great mezzo-soprano Cinderella, Lucia Valentini Terrani, to the Prince, tenor Luigi Alva, and, phenomenally, the two basso buffo characters, Paolo Montarsolo as the stepfather (in this version of the story) and Enzo Dara as the Prince's valet, Dandini. Dara was a dandy Dandini, easily the comic star of this *très gai* spectacle.

Italian Ambassador Roberto Gaja, addressing a session of the Music Critics Assn. and other members of

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the press, spoke of the La Scala visit as Italy's way of honoring Jeffersonian democracy. With his words fresh in my mind, and with the impact of Macbeth's political sins still ringing in my ears, it was depressing to recall that this very day, Sept. 8, we were observing not only the fifth anniversary of the Kennedy Center, commemorating assassination, but also the second anniversary of the Pardon, the ultimate emasculation of the Constitution. As Senator Ervin told a roaring audience at Georgetown: "Ford is mightier than God; he can pardon a man before the man has confessed his sins." God help us all!

Somehow we have made Jeffersonian democracy work for 200 years, against odds, and we are proud. Let us not be puffed up; we are just beginning. While we as a nation are 200-years-old, and almost 400-years-old as a new branch of an old western civilization, it is chastening to realize that Italy was always there, that La Scala itself is as old as our nationhood, preparing to celebrate its 200th anniversary in 1978.

With thanks for the Italian gesture, we may reciprocate by saying in our turn: Happy Birthday, La Scala. We may even want to sing it.

RALPH THIBODEAU

(*Ralph Thibodeau is professor of music at Del Mar College, and music critic of the Corpus Christi* Caller-Times.)

AMIN, AMEN

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THE SCREEN

In a crazy way, Clint Eastwood and Idi Amin invite comparison. Eastwood is a star, of course, and currently, in *The Outlaw Josey Wales,* the director of his movie as well. Until recently, Amin has been rather less than that: the mere dictator of his own country, Uganda. But now, in Barbet Schroeder's *Idi Amin Dada,* Amin has become a movie star too, and it is here that a comparison with Eastwood forces itself upon us. It is in their stardom, where their lives overlap, that they seem to throw each other into relief. It is in the role each plays in his own, extraordinary fiction, in the personality each has on the screen.

Like all big stars, on his film Amin got the right of final cut, which he at one point threatened to administer to the throats of Uganda's entire French population unless Schroeder edited something out. This is what is called in the business "artistic differences," and Amin's prevailing in this particular incident must lead us to conclude that he is responsible for his own performance in the film. He allowed Schroeder to make the film because he wanted an official, authorized biography, and the great difficulty is that it comes too close to being just that. Yet while less successful as a director's *tour de force* than Eastwood's film, Schroeder's is still more interesting. If for no other reason, this is so because it is, considering its subject matter, closer to being a unique work. Nonetheless, Amin's own purpose in making the film is to do for his image pretty much what Eastwood is trying to do for his in *The Outlaw Josey Wales.* In the end, the gestures in which Schroeder would capture Amin's true character are even the same ones to which Eastwood often resorts.

Eastwood's purpose is to soften his image a bit, to render himself more human. Eastwood has made his career as a practitioner of pure violence, a man whose character is made up of proficiencies rather than sentiments. But in this latest Western, he finds a new and gentler self-within. It is almost as if Eastwood was trying to reconcile the merciless westerner he has originated with the older, more nostalgic hero of the sort John Ford perfected. There are, in fact, three strikingly Fordian moments in *The Outlaw Josey Wales,* and in two of them—Eastwood's unwitting adoption of a squaw and an impromptu dance held outdoors—it is emotion rather than action that Eastwood has lifted from Ford. Like the last Western Eastwood directed, *High Plains Drifter,* this new film is a crude sort of revenge tragedy in which Eastwood is at pains to have us admire not only the hero's exploits, but the hero himself.

In *Idi Amin Dada,* Amin is also trying to soften his image, to appear a more likable, sociable fellow, and like Eastwood, unfortunately, he succeeds. Typical of his effort is a scene where Amin takes Schroeder for a boat ride along the banks of one of Uganda's great lakes and hails all the animals—rogue elephants, crocodiles, etc.—he finds taking their ease there. This fellow Amin, we think, is a veritable Dr. Doolittle. He talks to the animals! It is an undeniably winning stunt. The only trouble with it is that it gives us a somewhat false impression of this man who rose to power through a series of political assassinations and has since executed or tortured to death perhaps 100,000 of his countrymen. It's surprising that crocodiles and rogue elephants will give this beast the time of day.

Schroeder rankles at criticism that he allows Amin to be too charming. Amin *is* charming, Schroeder counters; and besides, he says, "By the end of the film, . . . you can feel that this man is a murderer, and you have discovered it slowly, slowly, all by yourself." In an effort to come out somewhere, Schroeder saves for the end of his film the one moment of real uneasiness in which he managed to catch Amin. Schroeder first has to prime the pump by telling us that the conference of Uganda's physicians Amin addresses in this scene is a tougher audience than he is used to. But finally one of the doctors actually does have the nerve to suggest,

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however circuitously and respectfully, a change in Amin's public health policies.

At this moment Schroeder turns up the mike so we can hear Amin's respiration, and he zooms in, as the suggestion unfolds, for a close-up of Amin's fingers picking at one of his rings and his eyes shifting quickly over the rest of the audience. The look in those eyes seems almost exactly the same one we see in Eastwood's eyes from time to time. But in Eastwood's films this glance around the room comes from a man who has almost no assertion to make aside from it—a man who has usually been all but silent from the moment we met him. (In *The Outlaw Josey Wales,* Eastwood pointedly has no audible lines in the first scene which sets the premise for the whole film.) In such a man, a glance like this is virtually an eruption into action. In Amin it is the reverse. *Idi Amin Dada* begins with Amin making a speech, and he talks non-stop from then until the end, when that doctor's question quietens him for a few seconds. Where such a glance is in Eastwood a cue to decisive action, a sign of calm and control, it is in Amin a momentary retreat, a sudden sign of vulnerability and weakness.

When you take into account the constraints Schroeder worked under, this scene is a real *coup d'état.* But after all the braggadocio and sweet talk in the film, it is just not enough to usurp Amin. It is too subtle a point against him. It still allows him to get away with murder. The trouble is that handsome is as handsome does in a movie. Whether it's fiction or documentary makes no difference. In *The Outlaw Josey Wales,* we know Eastwood by his actions. We know him for a rough character, for instance, by his habit of spitting on the gunmen he kills. He even spits on a mangy, defenseless dog at one point. But we also know him for the decent man he is underneath because that dog persists in tagging along with him despite the inundations of tobacco juice, and because Eastwood quietly suffers other defenseless people to accompany him as well. What allows us to perceive Eastwood's true nature is the pressure of the outside events. He is constantly being defined as a character by the opposition he meets, by the endless challenges to his reputation, his skills, or just his presence.

For Amin in *Idi Amin Dada* there are no external events. There is no opposition or challenge that Schroeder can define him against, and as a result his charm remains charm. At worst Amin betrays himself for a buffoon, as when he goes on ludicrous maneuvers with his troops. But his buffoonery is as disarming as his charm. It only makes him seem ineffectual, which he isn't, at least not as a despot. Like the charm, the clownishness leads us away from any realization that the man is a mass murderer. In so far as it does this, Schroeder's film simply misleads us.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

BOOKS

TWO CRITICS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN

Half the House
HERBERT KOHL
Bantam, $1.95

The night is dark and I am far from home
JONATHAN KOZOL
Houghton Mifflin, $7.95

The public school, again, takes its lumps—this time in books by two young social critics, now in their early thirties, whose thought was tempered by the tumultuous politics of the 1960s and the bitter revelations about politics of the 1970s. Herbert Kohl's criticism is tempered with a measure of ironic distancing coupled with a recognition that schools exist in an asymmetrical relationship to those economic and political structures and arrangements which are primarily determinative of American life. Jonathan Kozol, however, is incapable of either a judicious look at himself or at the schools and individuals he saddles with the responsibility for everything from the inculcation of social insensitivity, the maintenance of privilege, the inculcation of blind patriotism and rampant chauvinism and the creation of moral mutants whose ethical capacities have been blunted, to My Lai and Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

The approaches of the authors may be compared to the differences between a skilled surgeon who would excise a cancerous growth carefully so as not to destroy surrounding healthy tissue and the butcher who dispatches his victim with a mercilous bludgeoning because it takes much less time, care, and thoughtful effort.

I begin with Kozol's verbal assault and battery. Kozol apparently believes that anything worth stating is worth over-stating. The result is over-kill rather than illumination. The reader of *The night is dark and I am far from home* is forced up against the wall: either he must reject or embrace the book's abstract anguish *in toto* for Kozol allows no middle-way. Kozol rejects the

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task of a critical inquiry which would puncture appearances and the surface of things in order to probe deeper realities. His is a hard, reductionistic literalness couched in maudlin meanderings and self-righteous condemnations of others.

A few characteristic samples of Kozol's shrill hyperbole should suffice to defend my rather harsh criticisms. Kozol calls American public education an "ice-cold machine. . . . The first goal and primary function of the U.S. public schools is not to educate good people, but good citizens." (One might think that a democracy requires good citizens. But Kozol has no theory of democracy. So he arbitrarily defines a citizen as a person who has been dehumanized, debilitated, and rendered bloodless.) Teachers are "the ideological hand servants of the leading counter-revolutionary nation on the face of the earth." Why My Lai? Answer: "This man [a participant in the massacre] is six months out of public school. He is six months from the Glee Club, Flag Pledge, textbook grammar-exercises, Problems of Democracy. It is essential that we be precise. It is not the U.S. army that transforms an innocent boy into non-comprehending automaton in six months. . . . Basic training does not begin in boot camp. It begins in kindergarten. It continues with a vengeance for the subsequent twelve years." Moynihan? "He does his work. He draws his salary. He eats his meal. He lifts his fork. He manipulates his knife. He carves out the beef. It is so normal, so amiable, so hearty, so routine, to speak about starvation over a forty-dollar lunch. . . ." A public school lad no doubt.

School also helps the privileged to enjoy their privileges—in Kozol's parlance to say YES rather than NO. Kozol has spent a good many of his own waking hours surrounded by, observing, and then repudiating these trappings. Yet his explicit repudiation exists in a tension with his own salacious descriptions of the very things he would have all condemn—a tension lost on Kozol himself. He writes of the seductive evils of "linen tablecloths and lighted candles and the gentle ripplings of Vivaldi or of Boccherini," or of a friend's "words, so gentle, earnest and aspiring, drift in the quiet space of air and lamplight, rugs and Paris posters." He visits with friends in an upper-class suburb and promptly acts as if he's in training for "The Price is Right":

> Every so often, however, my head begins to do arithmetic. I add up the value of the things that I am sitting on or things that I can touch. The sofa . . . covered with silk from Shanghai from before the war, is worth at least two thousand dollars the lamps . . . must cost four hundred dollars each. The rug my shoes are soiling costs at least three thousand dollars. . . . I ask myself how much the house itself is worth and I decide: about one hundred thousand dollars. It occurs to me, as I

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am sitting here, that this would make a nice school. . . .

Kozol's diatribe fails for it suffers from fatal flaws at its analytic core. I will discuss three of these flaws briefly. First, although Kozol rails incessantly about ethics and the ethical, he has no coherent moral vision. Indeed, when he does proffer definitions of "truth" and the "ethical" they are chilling in their potentially repressive and nihilistic implications. For example, he calls "the ethical" an "invocation to a *lived vision*—to *action*." As for truth, it, in Kozol's belief, "is something which occurs when *actions take place*, not when phrases are contrived." [emphasis mine] These definitions, as stated, provide no basis for choosing between a mode of direct action tied to fascistic aspirations rather than those Thoreauian or Gandhian aspirations Kozol celebrates. There are all sorts of "lived visions" the moral person must and should condemn. The Nazi extermination camps were a lived vision—a sick and repugnant one. The assault on Attica was something which occurred when action took place—a repressive and murderous "something." Kozol either has or would condemn both. But that is not my point. He wants us to prefer what he prefers and to reject what he rejects. Yet he refuses to ground these "preferences" in a moral theory which rejects mere "preference" as a morally important statement.

Second, Kozol's inability to distinguish appearance from reality pushes him into all the absurdities of overstatement which debars the American school child who takes the Pledge of Allegiance seriously from the possibility of becoming a social critic rather than a some twisted embodiment of H.L. Mencken's species, *boobus Americanus*. Kozol, like Mencken, has contempt for most people. This is nowhere more in evidence than in his declaration that the Flag Pledge "works" in one way only, to create monsters. Yet the Flag Pledge and those condemned civics classes may also help to create social critics. I know because I am one of those who first saw the discrepancy between the American promise and the American reality as a public school child who took the Pledge of "liberty and justice for all" seriously and recognized that it did not and never had existed save as a worthy ideal.

Third, the theoretical thinness of Kozol's diatribe provides "solutions" to social problems with structural roots and outcomes which are thoroughly trapped in an elitist individualism and are inefficacious and even pathetic. This is not surprising for Kozol tosses out, in an insouciant, casual fashion the following sentence which betrays his own disconcern with the causes of the contemporary malaise: "Whether the root-cause lies in 'the whole economic system,' in neighborhoods, in T.V. studios or in the boardrooms of large corporations, the bias of the schools is clearly anti-ethical and anti-human." To somehow equate, on a laundry list of possible "root-causes," the economic system and T.V. studios is to engage in distinction-eroding sophistry, not careful analysis. Thus Kozol's "solutions" are precisely the kind capitalist society has always encouraged because they are soporifics, personal expiations of guilt which soothes the conscience without threatening the social order.

To "solve" the problem of maldistribution of wealth, Kozol would have the wealthy say NO to privilege—not work to eliminate a situation which allows some to accumulate and to wallow in luxury as others groan in misery. To destroy the placid bourgeois way of life and its handmaiden, the school, Kozol would have school children refuse to take food or to obey school attendance rules. If "five hundred kids" did this, he claims, it would "shatter the patterns and shake up the mold of life in Salt Lake City, San Diego, or Seattle for one hundred years." This is the stuff of Never-Never Land. Kozol would "solve" the problem of inequality in medical provisions for the rich and the poor by having the "liberal, sincere" man of conscience who sends his own wife and children to the finest doctors he can afford say NO to this privilege if he would witness to his

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beliefs and escape Kozol's high-minded wrath. How on earth would social change and the American medical establishment be served if yet another child died or suffered from medical neglect? And what moral person would not see the parent who allowed such a tragedy as his "testimony" to his ethical beliefs as a twisted and confused figure at best, a monster and murderer at worst? Yet this is what Kozol offers us: a world in which everything is black and white, in which the lines between the villain and victim are drawn clearly. Neither oppressed nor oppressor emerges as a real, complex person in his book; instead both exist as mere foils for his purposes.

Kohl unlike Kozol, who has taken to the lecture circuit and the "radical think tank" in recent years, still works in schools and retains his commitment to the creation of classrooms in which connections are made to students, parents, and the wider community which allow for reasonable, measured responses from everyone. The book features a touching, provocative discussion of Kohl's attempts at collective, alternative ways of teaching and living. It contains many valuable critical insights, including Kohl's reluctant recognition that a simple devotion to "smashing" modes of domination in capitalist society does not immunize those thus devoted from recreating modes of domination within their own "small, tight groups." All groups and individuals devoted to social change must, Kohl urges, devote themselves to a continual, critical look at themselves.

But there are problems within Kohl's more thoughtful approach which can, I believe, be traced to his embrace of modes of thought, particularly Jungian psychology, which are distorting and fundamentally misleading as theories of both personal and social *praxis*. Kohl begins by misunderstanding psychoanalytic theory thoroughly—despite his own years in analysis. He sees psychoanalysis as a theory which turns on the "interpretation of personal pain as solely an internal matter to be mediated by the parts of one's psyche. . . ." This is a view Freud repeatedly and explicitly rejected. One brief quote from his 1925 essay, "The Resistances to Psychoanalysis," must suffice: "Thus society maintains a condition of cultural hypocrisy, which is bound to be accompanied by a sense of insecurity and a necessity for guarding what is an undeniably precarious situation by forbidding criticism and discussion." Kohl also claims that psychoanalysis defines "health" in terms of "adjusting oneself to the world as it is." Again, the misreading (presuming, perhaps incorrectly, there has been any reading at all) of Freud is nearly complete. He insisted that psychoanalysis could not provide any "positive model" of health which bifurcated radically the "healthy" from "unhealthy"; moreover, a bland adjustment to the "world as it is" is symptomatic of an overly severe repression which works to avoid critical self-reflection and criticism of repressive societies.

All of this is unfortunate for Kohl would have been well served through a serious turn to Freudian theory. Instead, he has moved into a language and a mode of analysis which not only offends the literary palate but, more importantly, vitiates critical explanation and understanding. Rather than examining the interrelationship of personal and social life as an ambivalent, dialectical working through of a series of conflicts and contradictions which are never totally harmonized, Kohl views life as a rather lofty interplay of archetypal and transcendental opposites which must, somehow, be held "together about a center he [Jung] calls the Self." And what is this Self? I, for one, am not quite certain. I do know, however, that Kohl's Self is not a person who, by definition, has certain incorrigible moral responsibilities to self and others. Instead, this Self is an entity defined as an "open-minded process of continually integrating internal and external experiences about the center". But this "core," "being," "center," "centered life" or "personal center" (Kohl uses each of these phrases, in turn, on a single page) has no clear boundaries either, for the center is also in flux. People are left to "define" their own centers. Kant would find this a bit disconcerting and ultimately incompatible with a moral point of view. So do I. For without *any* universally applicable criteria of personhood, it is extraordinarily difficult to determine when one is being violated or one is being respected.

To speak, as Kohl does, of "uncentered centers," "hardened centers," or "perverse centers" (which may be either permanent or temporary) is to descend into the vacuum of a thoroughgoing epistemological and moral relativism. Why is Kohl concerned that "people in process" wonder about their sanity? People are not processes and when we make the claim that they are we give ourselves over to the flux of history rather than staking ourselves against its terrors. Within Kohl's pages, we lose the language of "right" and "wrong", or "just" and "unjust" and replace it with the sanitized mystifications of "intense perverse centrificity", of "devastated" or "nonexistent centers"—a typology which reifies people and social life into a chart of empty categories within which nothing guides them to true "centeredness," for that, Kohl states, "cannot be defined in words."

We are left, finally, with fuzzy hopes afloat in clouds of ineffability. This is a retreat from reason and a celebration of that feeling-reason split which is the essence of bourgeois society, not its opposite. As for Kohl's ultimate definition of a "healthy" existence—wholeness, openness, specificness, commitment—it sounds like something the current purveyor of pop panaceas, John Denver, should set to music. The impoverishment and vulgarization of language is exemplified in perhaps its paradigmatic form in Kohl's re-definition of *exploitation* and *oppression*. No longer the necessary features of an inegalitarian society, they become those purely subjective responses which occur when one's own energy is "dissipated, exhausted, consumed" by another without any "exchange of psychic energy or at least some equilibrium of energy" being established. On this view, Mr. Rockefeller and the welfare mother

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whose medical assistance just got cut can both be exploited and oppressed. Surely Kohl would label such a claim outrageous. But his own analysis, if one spins out its normative implications, conduces to precisely such claims. And that is something no radical theorist nor person of conscience can accept.

Persons and Masks of the Law

JOHN T. NOONAN, JR.

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10

Lawyering

HELENE E. SCHWARTZ

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10

DANIEL MORRISSEY

If, as Professor Noonan points out, "the law" has been personified as some divine, self-sustaining entity, these two books present a couple of its avatars. Noonan writes of jurisprudence; Schwartz describes the practice.

But the professor is out to expose all that mythology. The law does not have a life of its own, he protests; it's only a way real people deal with their fellows. As a corollary to that not-too-startling proposition he argues that this reified corpus of abstract rules, for all its touted evenhandedness, is inadequate to comprehend the varied factual nuances of each dispute which presents itself for adjudication. To put Noonan's point simply, blind justice, which claims to be fair, is really imperceptive.

Such a theoretical statement would probably draw groans from a law school class, but it could be made interesting if set forth well in actual situations. Noonan initially presents his thesis in an overly-conceptual and didactic introductory chapter and only partway redeems himself with three example cases from American legal history.

Case one focuses on the "Virginia Liberators," Thomas Jefferson and his legal mentor George Wythe. These gentlemen of the Enlightenment were the liveried liberals of the American revolution. Noonan recounts how they philosophically abhorred slavery but did nothing, when vested with law-making power, to bring about emancipation. They rather accepted the well-entrenched legal framework which codified the institution of slavery. Wythe, as chancellor of Virginia, and Jefferson, as governor and later President, conveniently masked their personal feelings behind magisterial offices and ignored the repugnant underpinnings of laws which they enforced. A legal controversy in federalist Virginia over who owned a particular slave would be based on the unquestioned assumption that certain humans could be considered property. Wythe, a man who unequivocally believed that Negroes held the full attributes of humanity, sat as judge overlooking the basic question in such cases and ruled that the slave belonged to one or the other master. Noonan, however, doesn't contend with the obvious Marxist explanation of Wythe's oversight—that law is nothing more than the will of the dominant class, no matter who applies it.

The author's second example is his best. In the *American Banana* case, memorable to students of International Law for its ringing proclamation of the principle of sovereign immunity, Noonan shows lucidly how Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. was so wedded to the ideas of an autonomous sovereign as the only true source for law that he refused to acknowledge the reality of international power politics. It was irrelevant to Holmes that the United Fruit Company controlled the Costa Rican government and directed the seizure of its competitor's holdings there. Because that action was done under color of another country's authority, no participant could be sued for a violation of the United States anti-trust laws.

Holmes sanctioned that charade because in his "realistic" jurisprudence the law had no other foundation than "the articulate voice of some sovereign." The sovereign's omnipotence had to be upheld even if that meant ignor-

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ing realpolitik and allowing a company subject to United States jurisdiction to flourish as a monopoly.

Noonan also parses the well-studied *Palsgraff* case to show how Justice Cardozo's opinion defining the duty of an allegedly negligent defendant accepted the unquestioned but wrong notion that tort liability should be based exclusively on fault.

Noonan closes with a chapter questioning the value of caselaw. He concludes that *stare decisis*, if invoked, must represent the continuity of rational discourse. Noonan again could make his point more simply. If precedent is not purposeful, then Dickens's comment in *Bleak House* puts it well: "The law is a ass."

Professor Schwartz's legal autobiography appears as a welcome practical respite from Noonan's rather ponderous philosophy. *Lawyering* is a book of legal war stories by an attorney in one of the glamour practices of the profession — constitutional litigation. Helene Schwartz makes it quite clear that she is a woman who despite suffering significant sexual discrimination has had an interesting ten-year legal career.

Schwartz emerged from law school in the mid 1960s and ran up against a formidable gender barrier looking for work in a tradition-conscious profession. She was able to wedge her way into trial work with a small Wall Street firm which needed some part-time help. Her first assignment was to assist in the defense of William F. Buckley and his *National Review* who were being sued for libel by the renowned scientist Linus Pauling. The legal theories, personalities, and courtroom tactics of the Buckley-Pauling case are seen through the interesting eyes of a female neophyte in a profession of seasoned males.

In the second half of the book the author describes her career as a "movement lawyer." Leaving what became a dry commercial practice for more intriguing work in civil liberties, Schwartz got involved with a group preparing the Chicago Seven appeal. There aren't too many lawyers, male or female, who have defended both Bill Buckley and Jerry Rubin. Schwartz writes well of her appearances before the condescending Judge Julius Hoffman and lays out the issues of that famous trial in an interesting fashion. She also aptly conveys the tedium of legal preparation and her bittersweet working relationships with some famous lawyer-activists.

Helene Schwartz projects herself as a balanced, plucky advocate for both her own occupational claims and the

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constitutional rights of others. It's about time a woman came along to write "My Life in Court."

Sade/Fourier/Loyola

ROLAND BARTHES

Hill and Wang, $8.95

J. A. APPLEYARD

This is a perplexing book. It will make no converts, I suspect, but for the susceptible it will be an entrancing chapter in the elaboration of Barthes's program. The idea is stunning: to link the sybarite marquis, the utopian social planner, and the Jesuit saint, as founders of languages, and to examine their texts as instances of languages subverting historical and social contexts and establishing new possibilities of meaning.

The thesis is not so much argued as turned this way and that, examined almost randomly for its disclosures. The shorthand style makes the subjects themselves elusive (unless Sade, Fourier, and Loyola are your constant reading). But shiny bits of insight catch attention and lodge in the memory and become persuasive. There is no conclusion; only if you reread the preface will Barthes's intention become clear: to redescribe the nature of written language as a rhetoric not of meanings or of effects, but as a rhetoric of the complex functions we now attribute to signs.

Barthes is interested in Sade, Fourier, and Loyola as "logothetes," formulators of new languages: Sade the inventor of a code of erotic pleasure, Fourier the constructor of a perfect society on paper, Loyola the logo-technician of the relationship between the individual and God. What interests Barthes, though, is the sense in which these are not just three languages but the same language: self-enclosed, articulated into distinct signs, reordered, theatrical in their imagined details, and above all similar in that the languages themselves construct the subjects of their discourse.

Thus, Ignatius, in Barthes's view, faced with the inadequacy of the traditional language of mystics which aimed at achieving union with God, sought instead a language of interlocution with God, a language of question and answer, aimed at finding God's will in his life and the means of achieving it. Indistinct and ineffable states of ecstasy were of no use for this purpose: clarity, articulation of detail, imaginative concreteness, discernment, and method were. His object was not so much theophany as "semiophany," the disclosing of signs of God's will. Ignatius's language is not a language of description or evocation of religious experience, but a language of instruction in how to methodize that experience. For its users it created the form in which they had that experience.

These are brief studies (the essays on Loyola and Fourier are forty and fifty pages respectively; Sade gets almost half the book). One result is that the three subjects tend to become specimens for Barthes to demonstrate on, their particular identities assimilated into his categories. This goes counter to his announced intentions, but it is a danger structuralist approaches always seem prone to.

Interestingly, Barthes's approach is ultimately political. He says at the end of his preface that there is no language available to us that is not enclosed in a bourgeois ideology. I take it that he has argued this elsewhere. His remedy is "theft": to fragment and efface the assumptions and points of view of the old text of culture, literature and science, and to disclose the "terrorist text" concealed in the received meaning. "The social intervention of a text . . . is measured . . . by the violence that enables it to *exceed* the laws that a society, an ideology, a philosophy establish for themselves in order to agree among themselves in a fine surge of historical intelligibility. This excess is called: writing."

Barthes is most successful where there is a "terrorist text" for his revisionist strategies to uncover. It works with Ignatius, but scholars have been reclaiming the original spirit of the Exercises for some time now. About Sade and Fourier I am less convinced. Is the displacement of erotic pleasure from action into language the same kind of shift? Or is it even new? Barthes compares only resemblances of form, and resists conclusions. The linguistic devices are identified and named (in the case of Sade there are fifty or so unrelated sections of one long chapter), but it is left to the reader to make the connections. It is a bit like reading Barthelme's short stories. But then presumably Barthelme reads Barthes, or both read Robbe-Grillet. More work for the decipherer of texts. As I said, a perplexing book.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 643)

Of course such social machinery will label its erstwhile allies (Day's "preservationists") "the 'new non-conformists' and 'dangerous liberals' "; "excommunication will . . . be threatened . . ." because singing a Gregorian defies its ukase, undermines its tyranny (even if its arrogant, puerile agents are cultural pygmies and/or mesmerized by Gregorian).

The antidote is that blend of tolerance, civility, criticism and pluralism, that historic response evolved by the divergent peoples, cultures, races, spiritualities (even musicologies) commingled in the West and idealized (if not always practiced) in America.

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DOUBLEDAY

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That antidote will break would-be Tigellinuses, the dragon's teeth Rome has evoked ever more often since 1517, 1688, 1776, 1789, and 1864 (*Errors*).

The National Association of Laity for a decade has fostered optional clerical celibacy, women priests, election of bishops, their financial accountability and fixed terms of office, sex and contraceptive education, communal liturgical groups *et al.* in one breath, and fought for the Latin Mass, high/low, with/without Gregorian *for those who want and need it.* In other words, let those who claim to *serve* begin to serve the needs of the people of God and leave off multiplying petty rules, designed for dominion!

The black liturgy at Queen of Angels, Newark, the Russian liturgy and choir in Salzburg, or the full orchestra at the cathedral there, or a thunderous Kumbaya on a college campus move me, but not Indian, Chinese, Arabic or rock or most organ music. That's my limit, a function of my humanity, not the occasion for a rule!

American youth unwittingly aped "gustibus non disputandis" and 18th C. classic liberalism with "do your own thing," in time to honor our bicentennial and to help depose a tyrant. Cheerfully they paid tyranny's price so that they might truly be, be truly human, be richly diverse, taking risks, making mistakes and growing. They sing.

Please let us sing our song and complain less. (DR.) JOSEPH T. SKEHAN
President, National Association
of Laity (NAL)

Albany, N.Y.

To the Editors: I enjoyed the August 27 issue, especially the piece on singing.

There is another reason why Catholics don't sing and that is—the *need* isn't there. At the moment they are in a state of real confusion about "Why be a Catholic?"—which is probably good because one ought to be able to have an answer that goes beyond Auld Lang Syne (good if you have other reasons, of course). But this calls for examining a few questions like "What's the Church for?" and "Why am I here?" One need not kick the old reasons, they were part of our experience, but for people who were safe in the Church knowing it was the only place where one could be safe, this is no longer a good reason. For people who grew up believing that somehow Catholics were better, know the right (only?) way to approach God, etc., etc., it is unsettling to have to rework one's reasons and one does not exactly feel like singing.

Singing comes from the real inside which is obvious when one listens to the folk music from the hills or from other peoples around the earth. As the author pointed out, it was entertainment/celebration when there was no other way to entertain/celebrate than do-it-yourself. Right now we are asking people to sing to celebrate when they aren't sure what they are celebrating.

I came across this interesting bit in *Akenfield—a Portrait of an English Village.* (An 85-year-old invalided horseman is speaking):

". . . I never did any playing in all my life. There was nothing in my childhood, only work. I never had pleasure. One day a year I went to Felixstowe along with the chapel women and children, and that was my pleasure. But I have forgotten one thing—the singing. There was such a lot of singing in the villages then, and this was my pleasure too. Boys sang in the fields, and at night we all met at the Forge and sang. The chapels were full of singing. When the first war came, it was singing, singing all the time. So I lie; I have had pleasure. I have had singing."

But that is not our experience. We have pleasures on every hand and celebrating liturgy is not high on the list. To be good singing, it must be pleasure, and to be pleasure, one must have a reason. Right now Catholics are reworking the reason.

MARY REED NEWLAND
Chairman, Comm. of Adult Education
The Office of Religious Education
Roman Catholic Diocese of Albany

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: While the article by Thomas Day entitled "A Syllabus of Musical Errors" (Aug. 27) accurately headlined some of the traps that reformers of liturgical music have fallen into, it failed to recognize the underlying problem that is the source of all the errors outlined by Mr. Day. It is a problem that all attempts to make changes in the liturgy have struggled with. It arises because the congregation is *told* "Now we will have lay eucharistic ministers" or "Now we will have the Sacrament of Reconciliation" or

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"Now we will have congregational singing," without an adequate explanation of the new understandings which gave rise to the need for the changes.

As one who has worked in the area of liturgical music for the last six years, I feel secure in saying that congregational singing works in parishes where the people have come to see themselves as persons *coming together* to worship in the unity of Spirit and truth, and that it will continue to fail miserably in places where the congregation has little sense of itself as a community. Thus, to respond to the first error on the syllabus, it is not simply more time that is needed but an increase in understanding that can only (but not necessarily) come in time.

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(Signed) Edward S. Skillin
Publisher

A word should also be said in the defense of the musical creativity of American Catholic composers of the last few years. While it is very true that the hymns of the '60s could on the whole be accurately described as musical junk food, the last six years have seen a gradual increase in songs that are scripturally based, singable hymns that have harmonies and utilize a variety of instruments, including the organ. To lump these current compositions with those of the '60s is to do a great injustice to the efforts and talents of people like Bob Dufford, S.J., Dan Schutte, S.J., Michael Lynch, and Ron Ellis, to name only a few.

In short, most of the errors enumerated in the article (like most issues in Catholic theology) can be seen from two paradoxical perspectives, and Mr. Day's article provided the foil for my own reflections.

SHARON A. FISCHER
Jesuit School of Theology in Chicago

Mountain View, Calif.

To the Editors: In response to Thomas Day's article (August 27), I would like to note that the tradition of singing Gregorian Chant is alive and well at St. Ann's, the Newman Chapel for Stanford University.

Three years ago the choir led a congregation of about 700 persons (in the Stanford Memorial Church, our Chapel being too small) in the singing of the plainchant Mass of the Angels. Unalienated people sing!

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Anyone who may be in the Bay Area is invited to come and join us at the 11:30 Mass. I would also like to note that if there is anyone interested in helping to preserve this part of our tradition and insuring that the singing of chant in a liturgical setting will survive, that person might send a contribution to:

The St. Ann Choir
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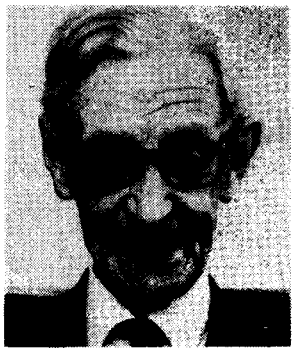

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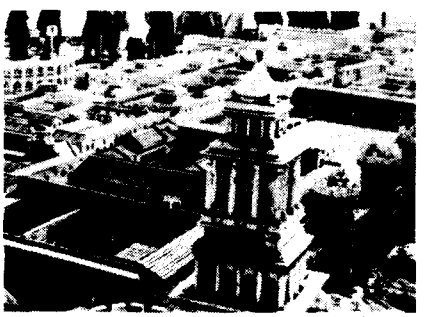

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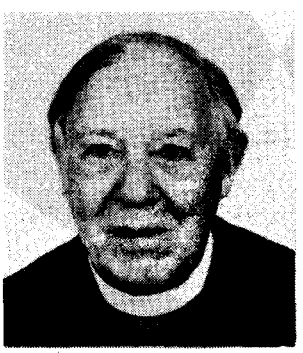

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